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Tower's Second Reader.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

GRADUAL READER;

OR,

PRIMARY SCHOOL ENUNCIATOR.



BOSTON:

CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

117 WASHINGTON STREET.

KD 32680



TOWER'S SECOND READER.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

GRADUAL READER;

OR,

PRIMARY SCHOOL ENUNCIATOR.

PART II.

**THE CHILD'S SECOND STEP,
TAKEN AT THE RIGHT TIME.**

BY DAVID B. TOWER, A. M.,

**AUTHOR OF ORAL ALGEBRA, ORAL ARITHMETIC, SPELLER, GRAMMAR, COMPOSITION,
AND A SERIES OF READERS, AND TWO ILLUSTRATED PRIMERS.**

BOSTON EDITION.

BOSTON:

CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

1863.

TOWER'S READERS.

Tower's Pictorial Primer, for Home

AND SCHOOL, just published, is illustrated by SIXTY large and beautiful ENGRAVINGS, from which the WHOLE TEXT is derived.

'Tower's Gradual Primer, Boston

SCHOOL EDITION, contains FORTY-FIVE CUTS.

CITY OF BOSTON.

IN SCHOOL COMMITTEE, Sept. 2, 1856.

Ordered, That TOWER'S GRADUAL PRIMER be the text book of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Classes in the Primary Schools.

Attest: BARNARD CAZEN, *Secretary*.

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"Lessons should be given for the double purpose of exercising the organs of the voice, and of teaching full and perfect enunciation. There are two excellent works containing suitable Exercises for this purpose — one of which is TOWER'S GRADUAL READER, recently introduced into the Boston Schools, with the best effects."

"After the simple sounds, exercises should follow in the most difficult combinations of consonants — on which an excellent series of lessons may be found in the GRADUAL READER, already referred to. It is by such exercises, daily resumed, but never continued long at once, that the organs of the voice are trained, and perfect enunciation, the most important element of reading, speaking, and, in no slight degree, of thinking, is gradually acquired."

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by DAVID B. TOWER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



PREFACE.

IN the "Gradual Primer, or Primary School Enunciator, Part I.," separate exercises were given on each of the elementary sounds, with words and sentences exemplifying the same, that, by taking *one thing at a time*, the pupil might be gradually made familiar with all those sounds. Directions were also given for attaining the correct utterance of each element. This book is a continuation of the plan, with alternate Lessons in Enunciation and Reading, progressively arranged. Each consonant combination is considered, and illustrated, first by single words, and then by those words in sentences.

It is a peculiar feature of this Series of Readers, that only *one thing* is required to be taught *at a time*; thus the Exercises in Articulation are kept entirely separate from the Reading Lessons, that the pupil may be drilled in the former solely with reference to attaining a distinct and correct utterance. This, experience has shown to be absolutely essential to satisfactory progress. This arrangement enables the teacher to turn at once to any combination which is imperfectly uttered, and to apply the remedy by exercise on the particular lesson which illustrates it.

Another peculiarity of this Series, is the introduction of Tables for the simultaneous Review of all the Elements and their Combinations—an exercise highly commended by teachers, as productive of the most useful results.

Separate lessons, illustrated by examples, are also given on each of the *stops and marks*, as the best method of giving instruction therein.

Besides, lessons are introduced to familiarize the pupils with the *slides or inflections* of the voice, with directions for the use of the same.

In the Reading Lessons, references are made to the sections on Enunciation, and a few errors pointed out, to call the attention of the pupil to the subject, and to aid him while preparing his lesson at home.

The pupil should go through with a lesson in enunciation with the sole view of attaining distinctness, clearness, and force in his utterance of the *combined elements* under consideration. These lessons are intended to serve as gymnastic exercises for the cultivation of the voice, and for the gradual development and training of the organs of speech. This is the *mechanical part* of reading, and it should be attended to by itself.

When a reading lesson is under consideration, the *meaning*, the thought, and the sentiment, and how best to convey them to the

hearer, are the only proper subjects of attention. These great points will be sadly neglected, if the teacher must stop his pupil in the midst of a sentence to *tinker words*, and to carry on a popgun warfare against misshapen sounds. It is not only necessary to teach one thing at a time, but to do it at the *proper* time, and in the *right* place.

No experienced teacher would wish to see *an element* or so stuck at the head of a reading lesson, to be either entirely neglected, or else to haunt the pupil all through the piece, to the expulsion of the thought and sentiment. Such a course would make a mere machine of any child. All the beauties of thought and expression in language, would thus be marred by a useless effort to mend words and patch sounds, — useless because ill-timed and out of place.

Let the Lessons in Enunciation and the Tables, be used to drill and perfect the pupil in articulation. They will afford ample exercise in all that pertains to mechanical utterance. Let the notes and references be used by the pupil only in preparing his Reading Lesson; or by the teacher, in keeping her own attention alive to the importance of the subject.

But let the Reading Lessons be viewed and used as such merely. Let the *meaning* of each lesson be fully understood by the pupil, and let it be conveyed by his voice as he best can, after all the explanation and aid which his teacher can give. It is better to delay several days on one lesson, than to pass over it hastily, before it is fully comprehended, and before it can be read well.

When a pupil is unable to give correct and appropriate utterance to any combination, turn, at a suitable time, to the proper lesson for eradicating this fault, and give him the requisite drilling to do it. It will be found a very useful exercise, to take a class, or the whole school at once, through some one of the Tables, for the review of the more common combinations.

The Reading Lessons have been prepared with a desire to elevate the thoughts and feelings of the pupil, as well as to interest and instruct him. When selections have been made, the compiler has taken the liberty of altering to suit the design of the book.

Reading books are already sufficiently numerous; but the author consoles himself with the thought that, where this Series is used, both teacher and pupil will escape the difficult task of *unlearning*, before the first onward step can be taken.

D. B. T.

PARK STREET, BOSTON.

THE BOSTON EDITION

Is illustrated by Sixty-Four Cuts. Additions have been made, but no alterations, except the removal of a single piece and the substitution of another for it.

DECEMBER, 1856.

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§ 1.* *The third sound of O, as in NOR.*

Or For Nor Orb
Morn Corn Horse

Here is a new book *for Anna or Charles.*
Jane can use a spoon *or* a *fork* at the table.
A *horse* will eat *corn or* hay.

The words in *Italics* contain the particular *elements*, or the *combination of elements*, on which the pupil is to be exercised.

The pupil, in spelling, should often give the powers of the several elements of words, instead of merely naming the letters.

For other important suggestions, see "Gradual Primer," "Gradual Speller," and the "Exercises in Articulation" in the "Gradual Reader," published in 1841.

* This should be read, "Section First," the mark § denoting *section*.

(11)



§ 2. *The fifth sound of A, as in WAD; nearly the same as the short sound of o in NOT.*

Wad Wan Wast Was
Wasp Want Wash

The *wasp* is small, but it can sting.

A *wad* is put into a gun.

John will soon *want* a new book.

The boy *was* not at home.

§ 3. *The sixth sound of A, as in DARE; the same sound as AI in AIR, and EA in PEAR.*

Bare	fare	tare	ware
Dare	care	pare	rare
Air	fair	hair	lair
Bear	pear	tear	wear

Take good *care* of your book.

Do not *tear* a leaf in it.

I think it will be a *fair* day.

The *air* is very mild now.

The fifth sound of *a* is a short broad *a*, uttered abruptly.

The long sound of *a* is modified when it precedes *r* in the same syllable; thus *care* is pronounced as if written *ca-ar*.



§ 4. *The third sound of E, as E in HER, sounds same
as I in SIR, and U in CUR.*

Err	her	fern	term
Fir	sir	firm	first
Cur	fur	burr	turn

A rab-bit has *fur* to keep him warm.

Jane has read *her* first book.

Yes, *sir*, I can say my les-son.

§ 5. *I like I in PINE, when followed by silent GH.*

High	nigh	sigh	fight
Light	might	night	sight

The moon and stars give *light* in the *night*.
My kite flies *high* in the air.

TABLES I. and II. (pages 14 and 15) are for frequent review.

TABLE I.

Review of Vowel Elements.

ă	ale	name	late	ā
â	bar	car	far	â
â	all	ball	fall	aw
â	at	bat	man	ă
â	wad	wan	wash	á
â	dare	ware	air	à
è	me	mete	mere	ē
ê	men	met	let	ě
ê	her	term	fern	ê
î	ice	pine	mine	ī
î	in	pin	pit	ĩ
ò	no	note	ode	ō
ò	move	do	lose	oo
ò	or	for	nor	ô
ô	on	not	odd	ö
ò	son	done	love	ů
û	tube	tune	lute	ū
ů	tub	tun	up	ű
û	bull	full	pull	û
oi	oil	join	voice	oi
ou	out	our	loud	ou

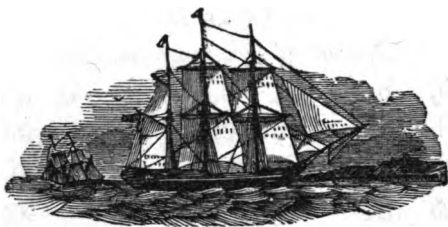
See "Gradual Primer," pages 20 and 28; and "Gradual Speller," page 26.

TABLE II.

Review of Consonant Elements.

ă, ăb,	b . . .	ö, öb,	b . . .	ű, űb,	b
ă, ăd,	d . . .	öd, öd,	d . . .	űd, űd,	d
ă, ăf,	f . . .	öf, öf,	f . . .	űf, űf,	f
ă, ăg,	g . . .	ög, ög,	g . . .	űg, űg,	g
ă, ăk,	k . . .	ök, ök,	k . . .	űk, űk,	k
ă, ăl,	l . . .	öl, öl,	l . . .	űl, űl,	l
ă, ăm,	m . . .	öm, öm,	m . . .	űm, űm,	m
ă, ăn,	n . . .	ön, ön,	n . . .	űn, űn,	n
ă, ăp,	p . . .	öp, öp,	p . . .	űp, űp,	p
ă, ăr,	r . . .	ör, ör,	r . . .	űr, űr,	r
ă, ăs,	s . . .	ös, ös,	s . . .	űs, űs,	s
ă, ăt,	t . . .	öt, öt,	t . . .	űt, űt,	t
ă, ăv,	v . . .	öv, öv,	v . . .	űv, űv,	v
ă, ăz,	z . . .	öz, öz,	z . . .	űz, űz,	z
ă, ăng,	ng . .	öng, öng,	ng . .	űng, űng,	ng
ă, ăsh,	sh . .	ösh, ösh,	sh . .	űsh, űsh,	sh
ă, ăth,	th <small>(sharp)</small>	öth, öth,	th . . .	űth, űth,	th
ă, ăth,	th <small>(flat)</small>	öth, öth,	th . . .	űth, űth,	th
ă, ăx,	x <small>(ks)</small>	öx, öx,	x . . .	űx, űx,	x
ă, ăx,	x <small>(gz)</small>	öx, öx,	x . . .	űx, űx,	x
ă, ăzh,	zh . .	özh, özh,	zh . .	űzh, űzh,	zh
ă, ăj,	j . . .	öj, öj,	j . . .	űj, űj,	j
ă, ran,	r . . .	rod, rod,	r . . .	run, run,	r

See "Gradual Reader," page 22; and "Gradual Speller," page 43.



§ 6. *ld, lz, lm, lt, lf, lk, lp, ls.*

ā	sailed	sails	ō	holm	bolt
ē	healed	heels	ě	elm	belt
ī	mild	miles	ě	realm	felt
ō	bold	holes	ě	helm	melt
ě	held	bells	ĩ	film	built
ũ	gulf	bulk	ě	help	else
ĩ	sylph	milk	ũ	pulp	pulse

The ship *sailed* ten *miles* in one hour. *Sails* are made of cloth called duck. Take *hold* of the *helm* and steer the boat. The ship was *built* of the best oak. The sun will *melt* the snow and ice. Jane has put the *milk* on a *shelf*. *Help* me, or *else* I shall let it fall. He *felt* my *pulse* to know how fast it beat. I heard the *bells* ring for a fire.

§ 7.

READING LESSON.

Charles must not hurt a fly.
Charles does not like to be hurt.
Do not hurt the cat and dog.
Be kind to the horse and cow.
How loud the pigs do squeal!
They want more corn and swill.
Here is some corn for you to give them.
See the hens run to get their share.
Take good care of the hens and ducks.
How glad they are to get some food!
See the bees come out of their hive.
Do not strike at them with that stick.
Touch them not, and they will not sting you.
The ducks have gone back to the pond.
They like to swim in the water.
See them stick their bills in the mud.
They do this to get their food.
Hens scratch in the dirt to get food.
Do not throw a stone at them.
One of the hens has found a worm.
All of the rest run to get a share.
It is not fair to get it away from her.



§ 8. *md, mp, mt, mz, nd, ns, nt, nz.*

ā	gained	pains	ǣ	dance	cant
ǣ	hand	fans	ě	sense	went
ī	mind	lines	ī	since	lint
ě	send	pens	ŭ	dunce	hunt
ā	named	names	ǣ	camp	vamped
ē	seemed	reams	ě	hemp	tempt
ō	roamed	homes	ǒ	pomp	prompt
ū	fumed	fumes	ŭ	lump	bumped

Hand me one of those *lines*. Now *find* a good hook for me. Cut a piece of lead from this *lump*. These *lines* are made of *hemp*. This bait will *tempt* the fish to bite. John *seemed* glad to see us. It is a year *since* he *went* to sea.

§ 9.

READING LESSON.

John has been to milk the cow.
Here he comes with his pail full.
Now Charles can have some new milk.
Dip some out with this tin cup.
Here comes puss to get some, too.
She likes milk as well as Charles.
How glad she is to get her share!
Puss can not talk to show her joy.
But she will purr when she is pleased.
She is good to drive mice from the house.
Cows like to eat the fresh green grass.
They are fond of corn and meal, too.
In the winter they eat hay in a barn.
In the summer they live out in the fields.
Milk is put in pans for the cream to rise
And butter is made out of this cream.
The cow's flesh is good for man to eat.
The skin is tanned to make us shoes.
See how the little calf jumps.
He is pleased to get out in the field.
There is much dew on the grass now.
It will wet our feet to walk in the field.

•



§ 10. *rb, rv, rm, rn, rl, rth, rp, rsh.*

â	barb	carve	â	arm	barn
â	garb	starve	â	farm	yarn
ê	curb	curve	ê	firm	burn
ê	verb	serve	ô	form	morn
ê	curl	mirth	â	harp	harsh
ê	pearl	worth	â	sharp	marsh

I like to live on a *farm*. The horse and cows are in the *barn*. Give them some hay, or they will *starve*. This hay came from a *salt marsh*.

A good horse is *worth* more than a cow. That *curb* is for the young horse. *Yarn* can be made from this wool. This knife is too *sharp* for you.

Do not be *harsh* to the colt.

§ 11.

READING LESSON.

I am glad to see Charles try to read.
I hope he will soon learn to read well.
It is not a hard task to learn to read.
But it is hard for a little boy to try.
Charles must try to learn his task.
He must spell the words he does not know.
He may spell the words on the next page.
My dog can not learn to read a book.
See him put his paw on this leaf.
I do not think he would like to learn.
Now he has run off in chase of that bird.
He can not catch the bird if he does try.
The bird has flown away to her nest.
Here comes the dog back, all out of breath.
He wants to see what Charles is doing.
How glad he is to get in the shade!
Now we will go with him to the pond.
I will throw this stick into the water.
See him jump in and swim to get it.
Now he has brought it to the shore.
He rolls on the grass to get dry.
It is time for us to go in the house.



§ 12. *rd, rf, rk, rs, rt, rz, rdzh.*

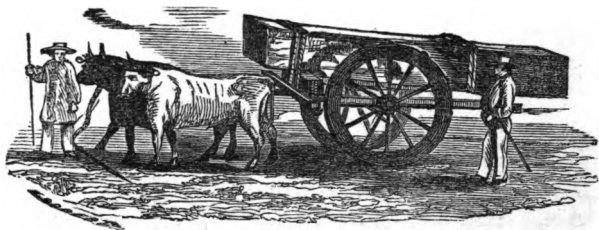
â	hard	cars	ê	surf	dirk
ē	beard	years	ê	turf	work
ī	hired	fires	ô	dwarf	fork
ê	word	sirs	ô	wharf	cork
â	parse	part	â	cart	barge
ō	force	port	â	heart	large
ê	worse	hurt	ê	hurt	surge

It is *hard work* to row the boat. Now we are quite near to the *wharf*. Pull the left oar with more *force*. Fend off, or you will *hurt* the boat. Pick out a *large* fish to take home. We shall be just in time to take the *cars*.

§ 13.

READING LESSON.

There will be a hard frost to night.
Let us go and see the sheep fed.
John has brought them some hay.
He has put it in their pens.
They will be warm in this shed.
The cows eat their hay in the barn.
The horse stands and eats in his stall.
The hens have gone to their place to roost.
They have put their heads under their wings.
They will sleep all night on their perch.
The pigs love to lie down in the straw.
They have been fed with warm food.
John gives them meal to make them fat.
How cold and chill the air feels!
Now let us go into the house.
It is too cold for us to be out in the air.
I am glad to see the blaze of a good fire.
This large log will burn for a long time.
Now we are all round the fire once more.
The dog has laid his head on my knee.
Here comes the cat to lie on the hearth.
We should praise God, who gives us a home.

§ 14. *bl, fl, gl, kl, pl, sl*

ā	blaze	flake	ō	floor	globe
ǣ	black	flash	ǣ	flag	glad
ē	bleed	fleece	ŭ	flush	glove
ŭ	blood	flood	ē	fleet	gleam
ā	play	slate	ē	sleeve	clean
ǣ	plan	slab	ī	slice	clime
ē	plead	sleep	ō	slow	cloak
ŭ	plum	slug	ǣ	slack	clam

Let us go into the house and *play*. I will go and get my new *slate*. See how *clean* and new it looks. Let us draw a *plan* of the farm. Here is a good spot for the *plum* tree. Now draw the old *black* horse. Wash the *slate* with this piece of sponge. Rub it dry with this old *glove*. How *slow* the *ox* cart moves the great log.

§ 15.

READING LESSON.

The sun has set. It is night.
How blue and clear the sky is!
How bright the moon and stars shine!
I hear the owl in the old elm tree.
He was made to fly in the night.
He will soon go in search of food.
Mice creep out of their holes at night.
He will try to catch them to eat.
He cries out as we come near the tree.
Now he has flown out of the tree.
What a sweep he makes with his long wings.
There is a bright light on that bank.
Let us go and see what it is.
I think it is a glow-worm.
Here it is on this blade of grass.
Do not shake it off.
How fine the light is!
Let me pull up the blade of grass.
Now you can take it in your hand.
Do not take it into the house.
It will grow faint and die if we do.
Let us lay it down on the grass.

§ 16. *sk, sp, st, tsh.*

ē	cheek	teach	ā	stake	haste
ō	choke	coach	ē	steep	least
ǎ	chat	catch	ĩ	stick	missed
ĩ	chip	ditch	ǒ	stop	lost
ǎ	span	clasp	ǎ	scalp	task
ĩ	spill	lisp	ĩ	skill	risk
ǒ	spot	wasp	ũ	scull	husk

Charles, you may try to *catch* the ball. I have *lost* my bat *stick*. *Stop* till I can find it. I left it near this *spot*. We can use this *stake* for a bat. It will be a *task* to hit the ball with it. There, I have *missed* it twice. The ball hit me on my *cheek*. It did not hurt me in the *least*. Take care not to tread on that *wasp*. See the new book.

§ 17.

READING LESSON.

Let us go down to the sea shore.
How the waves roll up on the beach!
Now they go back and leave the sand.
We can walk on this hard sand.
See that great wave lash the shore.
Do not go too near; it will wet you.
Here is a weed that grew in the sea.
You may take the weed home with you.
How white and how high that cliff is!
I see some birds near the top.
How small they seem, so high up!
Those birds are called gulls.
Now you can hear their wild cry.
They do not scream so loud from pain.
I should call it their cry of joy.
They seek their food in the waves.
There is a boat on the blue waves.
The waves take their hue from the clouds.
I can see a small speck on the deep:
That is a ship far off on the sea.
She will look large when she comes near.
The small boat has gone out of sight



§ 18. *sm, sn, ng, ngk, bz, dz, gz, vz.*

ă	smash	snap	ă	hang	bank
ī	smile	snipe	ĩ	sing	sink
ō	smoke	snow	ũ	sung	sunk
ă	cabs	bags	ā	spades	waves
ě	webs	eggs	ē	seeds	leaves
ĩ	ribs	figs	ũ	buds	doves

The *snow* and ice are gone now. Here are *buds* on this rose bush. There will soon be *leaves* on the trees. I have got some *seeds* to plant. We can dig the earth with *spades*. I will show you my pair of *doves*. Do not take the *eggs* out of their nest. See how the *smoke* comes from that fire. Let me try to *snap* your whip. I will *hang* it up on a nail. These *bags* are filled with corn. John ought to brush off those *webs*.

§ 19.

READING LESSON.

Let us go and see them mend the cart.
They have made a new wheel for it.
The wood of the old one was weak.
They put bags of corn in the cart.
The wheel broke on the way to the mill.
Now they will fix the wheel on the cart.
Let us go with them to the mill.
We have not been there for some time.
Now we are at the door of the mill.
Here is the man who tends the mill.
He will see that the corn is ground.
I will go with you to see the wheels.
The water falls and turns the wheels.
Here are the stones to grind the corn.
You can see the meal as it comes out.
It feels warm when it is just ground.
How fast the millstones do turn!
They whirl round and crush the corn.
Thus it is ground into fine meal.
Jane will sift it when it gets home.
Then she will make it into bread.
She will bake it for us to eat.



§ 20. *br, dr, fr, gr, kr, pr, tr, thr.*

ā	break	drain	ā	frame	great
ē	brceze	dream	ē	freeze	green
ě	breath	dress	ī	fright	grind
ŭ	brush	drum	ō	froze	grove
ē	cream	tree	ē	preach	three
ī	cry	try	ī	price	thrive
ō	cross	trot	ō	prone	throne

Do not be *cross* to Charles. He is not more than *three* years old. You can let him have your *great* doll. He must take care not to *break* it. He has put *green* paint on the doll's face. He will give it up for his *drum*. Do not tease him and make him *cry*.

§ 21.

READING LESSON.

Let us go and take a walk in the woods.
How thick the trees grow in this part!
The limbs are full of leaves.
The clouds in the east look like gold.
The birds sing as if to hail the sun.
I love the fresh, sweet air of morn.
This great tree must be quite old.
Let us rest a while on this stump.
This oak has been cut down a long time.
See how this old moss has grown on it.
Young trees have sprung up round it.
Thus the old fall and the young grow up.
I hear the songs of the thrush and lark.
Such sweet sounds are the voice of praise
They fill the heart with peace and joy.
I hear the stroke of the woodman's axe.
How loud each blow comes on my ear!
The limbs crash as the huge tree falls.
He has cut down the tall old elm.
I see its young leaves still look green.
The white moss is on its dry limbs.
The sweet woodbine clings round its trunk.



§ 22. *fs, ks, ps, ts, kt, pt,*

ā	safes	cakes	ā	capes	plates
ē	reefs	cheeks	ī	pipes	kites
ī	cliffs	bricks	ō	drops	blots
ǎ	wax	backs	ǎ	act	rapt
ǎ	tax	tacks	ě	decked	kept
ī	six	sticks	ō	yoked	hoped

Bricks and *pipes* are made of clay. *Kites* will fly high in the air. Men pay a *tax* to give us schools. There is a kind of small nails called *tacks*. Those high, steep rocks are called *cliffs*. Small boys should not touch an *axe*. My book must be *kept* free from *blots*. Here are *drops* of ink on this page. John has not *yoked* the oxen yet. I *hoped* I should get a ride home. Here comes a cart full of *bricks*. The cook kneads the dough for *cakes*.

23.

READING LESSON.

This road will lead us down into a vale.
In the midst of the vale is a stream.
It comes from a spring by the side of the hill.
Let us sit down on this bank near the spring.
How clear and pure the water looks!
The brook is small where it first starts.
See how it winds through the vale.
A plant grows on the bank of the stream.
Its long leaves bend down to the water.
There are stones by the side of the brook.
See that dove stand on them to drink.
Now he dips his bill into the stream.
How quick he lifts his head from the water!
Now he turns his head to each side.
He heard a noise, and has flown.
I have found some ant-hills here.
Let us sit down and watch the ants.
How hard they toil in the hot sun!
Some go out in search of food.
They bring it home in their mouths.
One has found the seed of a plant.
All may learn to work from the ant.



§ 24. *dzh, thz, kw, ft, dw, sw, tw, shr.*

ā	age	bathes	ǎ	quack	raft
ē	siege	breathes	ě	quell	left
ō	joke	oaths	ĩ	quit	lift
ě	dwel	swell	ī	twine	shrine
ô	dwarf	swarm	ĩ	twist	shrill

Do not try to get on that *raft*. Take this piece of *twine* for a fish line. Fish die when they *quit* the water.

What a *shrill* noise that steam makes! I have *left* my knife at home. I do not know my dog's *age*. He *bathes* and swims in the pond.

§ 25.

READING LESSON.

Let us walk once more in the wood.
The sun has sunk low in the west.
But he has not yet gone down.
What a long shade that tree makes!
I hear the songs of the birds.
At last the sun has gone down.
I love to look up at the sky.
Now the stars come forth in the clear blue.
The moon will soon rise in the east.
Then the stars will not look so bright.
Now the moon just peeps over that hill.
How its soft beams shine through the trees.
This is the hour for the owl and the bat.
They leave their haunts and fly about.
I see the rill gleam in the moonlight.
Let us pass through this gate to the field.
Here stands the cot of the old woodman.
He sits on a bench by the door.
His work for the day is done.
The bees are at rest in their hive.
We will go home by the old lane.
How sweet is home to young and old!

§ 26.

MARKS AND STOPS.

A Hyphen, -

A Hyphen is a little mark to di-vide a word in-to syl-la-bles, as in this les-son.

It is al-ways used at the end of a line, when a part of a word be-gins the next line.

When it is put be-tween two words, as in *farm-house*, it u-nites the two in-to one word. *Farm-house* is called a com-pound word. Charles must not for-get this lit-tle mark.

When he writes a line, if a part of a word is to be car-ried to the next line, for want of room, a hy-phen must be made at the end of the line, where the word is broken in-to syl-la-bles, thus:—

*I saw William, this afternoon, bring-
ing an armful of dry wood into the par-
lor to make a fire.*

The hy-phen is used the same way in printed books.

§ 27.

MARKS AND STOPS.

A Comma, ,

When Charles reads, he must stop a little while, now and then, to breathe or rest his voice.

When he sees a comma, he must always stop long enough to say *one*; then he may read on. He must not say *one* aloud, but to himself.

He will not need to say *one*, when he has found out how long to stop his voice at a comma.

He must almost always keep his voice up at this short stop, or suspend it, as if he meant to go on and finish something which he had begun to read.

The next lesson will teach Charles to keep his voice up at a comma.

Let the teacher explain what is meant by the rising slide, or, as it is sometimes called, inflection of the voice, so far as respects the simple suspension or rise of one note, required at a comma, and used after every word where the falling slide is not needed.

§ 28.

READING LESSON.

The voice suspended, or kept up, at a comma.

We all know that iron is of great use.

If all our tools were made of wood, they would soon wear out.

If our tools were made of wood, we could not cut wood with them.

If an axe were made of wood, we could not cut down a tree with it.

If we had tools made of stone, the stone would break, and the tools would soon be of no use.

Iron is so sharp, and so hard, and it wears so well, that a man can soon cut down a tree, and saw it into boards and planks.

Nails, as well as tools, are made out of iron.

If we could not cut wood into planks, we could not build a ship.

If we had no iron to make tools, we should have to live in log huts.

Iron, then, I think, must be of more use than gold.

§ 29.

SIMPLE SUSPENSION.

Simple suspension of the voice, or the RISING SLIDE of ONE NOTE, as at a comma; the voice to be kept up at the end of each line, as if the pupil intended to go on. This will be a useful exercise for a class.

I saw

I saw a

I saw a small

I saw a small boy

I saw a small boy try

I saw a small boy trying

I saw a small boy trying to

I saw a small boy trying to lift

I saw a small boy trying to lift a

I saw a small boy trying to lift a large

I saw a small boy trying to lift a large log.

§ 30.

Semicolon, ;

When Charles is reading, he must stop at a semicolon long enough to say *one, two, to himself.*

He can stop, to rest his voice, twice as long as he would at a comma.

If the clause, or part of a sentence before a semicolon, makes complete sense by itself, the voice should fall; if not, it should be kept suspended, as at a comma. This fall of the voice is called the *falling slide*.

§ 31.

MARKS AND STOPS.

Colon, :

In reading, the pupil must stop at a colon long enough to say, *one, two, three*, to himself.

As the part of a sentence, limited by a colon, generally makes complete sense by itself, the voice should generally fall at this stop.

It allows the pupil longer time to breathe and rest his voice, than the semicolon does.

Here let the teacher explain the simple falling slide of one note, and give the pupil examples, till he can fully understand it.

§ 32.

READING LESSON.

The voice to fall at the semicolon.

The Camel.

The camel is most like the horse in size and use; it has a hump on its back; its height is more than six feet; its head is small; its ears are short; its neck is long; its hoof parts into two; and its hair is long.

It moves with great speed; even with a bale of goods on its back, it can go four miles in an hour.

The Woodman and his Child.

He sat by the door of his cot; his child stood near him, his only child.

Her hair fell in curls on her fair neck; her cheeks were like the rose; the sun had spread a soft tinge on them; health was there; her eye was blue as the sky.

She stood by him; her hand was in his.

The woodman bent over his child; she knelt at his feet; he blessed the fair child; she rose, and they both went into the cot.

§ 33.

MARKS AND STOPS.

Period, •

The pupil must stop at a period long enough to say, *one, two, three, four*, to himself.

The voice should have the *falling slide* at a period.

Be careful to stop long enough for the hearer to notice that the sentence is fully ended.

Never hurry from one sentence to another. Take full time to breathe, and to rest the voice.

Many children are in a great haste to get done, when they are reading.

This is very wrong.

What you do, learn to do well.

Dash, —

A dash, after any stop or point, adds to its length, and denotes that a longer pause than usual is required.



§ 34. *The termination ER, as in HER.*

ā	ba' ker	pa' per	wa' fer
ě	ev er	nev er	sev er
ō	o ver	ro ver	vo ter
ŭ	oth er	cov er	hov er
ă	lad der	ham mer	man ner
ě	bet ter	let ter	pep per
ĩ	bit ter	mil ler	din ner
ö	of fer	cop per	rob ber
ű	but ter	sum mer	sup per

Here comes the *baker* with new bread. No *other* man makes such good rolls. Do not climb up on that *ladder*. Small boys should *never* climb so high. I need a *wafer* to seal this *letter*. Ann runs to *offer* her new book.

§ 35.

READING LESSON.

Morning.

The dawn has broken. Let us get up ; it is near sunrise.

Look to the east ; the sun has not yet risen, but we see the clouds.

How fine are the colors that tinge that cloud !

See the morning star ; how bright it is !

Now, while we are looking at the clouds, they change their hue ; the colors grow deeper.

At last the sun has come.

The birds warble, the cattle low, and the fresh breeze sweeps over the fields ; it shakes the bells of the flowers ; the dew-drops glitter in the sun.

Look, now, at the sea.

How bright the waves appear, when the sun shines on their tops !

Sound the *r* in *warble*, and do not call it *wöbble*.

Sound the *r* in *flowers*, and do not call it *flowüz*.

O is long in *billows* ; do not call it *billüz*.



§ 36. *G serves to indicate that N has its ring-
ing sound, as in KING.*

ē	eve' ning	feel' ing	be' ing
ī	drip ping	shil ling	giv ing
ũ	cun ning	run ning	noth ing
ō	stock ing	wad ding	trot ting
ō	go ing	row ing	blow ing
ā	pay ing	say ing	rain ing
ī	light ning	shi ning	try ing

The air is quite cool this *evening*. The moon and stars are *shining* bright. The wind is *blowing* from the west. It has been *raining* some to-day. I was out, and saw the *lightning*. George was *rowing* the boat to the shore. Soon he came *running* home. Can you see who is *drawing* my wagon?

§ 37.

READING LESSON.

Autumn.

It is now the harvest of the year.

The fruits are ripe on the trees; the wheat is ripe in the fields.

The reaper takes his sickle to the field.

The days are not so hot as they were in the summer, and the reaper does not suffer so much.

The reaper cuts the wheat, and lays the ears down as even one with another as he can.

Men come after him, who gather it up by armfuls, and then bind it round with a wisp of straw; this bundle is then called a *sheaf*.

They set up many of these sheaves against each other, and this pile is called a *shock*.

Against should be pronounced as if it were written *agēnst*. It is a common error to give *a* in the first syllable its long sound, and *ai* in the second the long sound of *ā*, instead of the short sound of *ē*.



§ 38. E in *final* ENT and ENCE, as in WENT.

ā	a' gent	pa' rent	ca' dence
ă	tal ent	frag ment	ab sence
ī	si lent	si lence	sci ence
ō	mo ment	po tent	co gent
ě	pres ent	pres ence	sen tence

Lose not a *moment* of your life. The *pres-ent* time alone is ours. *Prudence* should teach us to use it. This is the *commence-ment* of the year. Time is a *talent* loaned to us. Waste not the least *fragment* of it. How dear is the love of a *parent*! In *si-lence* do what you are told to do. Be still in the *absence* of your teacher. The hen frets when her chickens are *absent*.

§ 39.

READING LESSON.

A florist is a man who rears flowers; he has a garden and a greenhouse.

You know what I mean by a greenhouse.

It is a house, the roof of which is made of panes of glass, like windows, to admit the light, and the heat of the sun. One of its sides is made in the same way, and sometimes three of its sides are made of glass.

It is called a *greenhouse*, because, when the plants and flowers are put into it, and you look through the windows, it seems as if the whole place was full of things of a green color.

Many plants and flowers would die, or would not grow so fast and so well, if they were left out in the open air all day and all night.

Ow, in *windows*, has the sound of long *o*; but it is a common error to call it *windür* or *windüz*.

For the word *flowers*, see page 42.

§ 40.

Interrogation Point, ?

This mark is put at the end of a sentence, to show that a question is asked.

John will go home with me.

The above is an assertion ; when Charles reads it, he must let his voice fall at the end.

Will John go home with me ?

The above is a question, and Charles must make his voice rise where he sees the question mark, because the answer to the question should be *yes*, or *no*.

Will John go home with me ?

ANSWER. Yes, he will.

Have you seen my ball ?

ANSWER. No, I have not.

When the answer to a question cannot be *yes* or *no*, the voice should fall as at a period.

Where has John gone ?

ANSWER. He has gone into the house.

The voice should fall in the last question, because neither *yes* nor *no* would be a proper answer to it.

§ 41.

READING LESSON.

The rising slide illustrated by questions.

Anna. Have you got a good knife?

Charles. Yes; it is a new one.

Anna. Is it sharp, so that I can cut this piece of paper?

Charles. It is so sharp, that I have cut my finger with it.

Anna. Will you lend it to me?

Charles. I will, if I can find it; but I do not know where I left it.

Anna. Is it in your pocket?

Charles. No; I had it, not long since, and think I laid it on the table.

Anna. Did you leave it in your room?

Charles. No; I had it in my hand when the bell rang for dinner.

Anna. Would you like to take a walk with me?

Charles. Yes; if I can find my cap.

The above lesson is intended as an exercise on the *rising* and *falling* slides of the voice. Let the pupil see that these questions can all be answered by *yes*, or *no*.

The falling slide illustrated by questions.

Anna. But where did you find your lost knife? I see you have it now.

Charles. In the yard.

Anna. How came it to be there?

Charles. I think I must have left it there, when I cut my finger.

Anna. When did you cut your finger?

Charles. This morning; then I threw the knife down, and ran into the house.

Anna. Then it seems you did not have it in your hand when the bell rang for dinner. I see you have found your cap, too; where was that?

Charles. It was in the barn. I laid it on the floor while I was getting some hay for the cow.

Anna. When will you learn to be careful, and put things in their proper places?

Charles. I will try to do better. I have tied my cap to me with a string, to have it ready, when you ask me to take a walk.

Let the pupil observe that none of these questions can be answered by *yes*, or *no*, and each must have the falling slide, as all questions must, which are asked by the words *what*, *how*, *when*, or *where*.

The rising and falling slides illustrated.

Anna. It is time to go to school. Will you come in, Charles?

Charles. Yes, as soon as I have fixed this string.

Anna. Where is your book?

Charles. It is in my bag, I think. I put it there last night, I am sure.

Anna. Where is your bag?

Charles. I will soon find it. It ought to be in this room. Where *did* I put it?

Anna. We shall be late, if you do not find it soon. Is it in your chamber?

Charles. No; I did not carry it up.

Anna. I think you will have to tie it to you, as you did your cap, yesterday.

Charles. Here comes Jane, with the bag; but the book is not in it.

Anna. Here is your book. Now, are you ready?

Charles. All but my cap.

Anna. That is tied to you; is it not?

Charles. O yes; I forgot.

Let the pupil tell which of these questions require the *rising*, and which the *falling* slide, and *why*.

§ 42. *bl, bld, blz, dl, dld, dlz.*

ă	ram' ble	ram' bles	ram' bled
ũ	tum ble	tum bles	tum bled
õ	hob ble	hob bles	hob bled
ă	pad dle	pad dles	pad dled
ă	han dle	han dles	han dled
ī	bri dle	bri dles	bri dled

There goes lame John on his *rambles*. How fast he *hobbles* along! He *tumbled* out of his cart. He has had to *hobble* ever since. The new horse has just been *bridled*. I can *handle* him without help. Here are the *paddles* to our canoe. Take hold of the *handles* of the trunk. The two horses have *saddles* on their backs.

§ 43.

READING LESSON.

Flowers.

The love of flowers is the index of a kind heart.

The good and pure in heart are always fond of them.

How fine are their colors! and how sweet is the odor of many of them!

How lovely is the full-blown moss rose! Though we think little of it, no one but God could have made it.

All the wise men that ever lived, could not make a rose, nor a daisy, nor even a blade of grass.

It was God who made the rose; and he made it sweet, too, that it might please us as well as the insects that love to rest upon its fragrant leaves.

Let us praise God for his goodness and for his wonderful works.

Frägrünt: do not call it *frägrünt*. — *Colors*, (küllêrz:) sound the *r* and do not call it *collüz*. — *Enjoy*: give the *e* its short sound, and do not call it *injoy*.



§ 44. *f, fld, flz, gl, gld, glz.*

ă	baſ fle	baſ fles	baſ fled
ī	ri fle	ri fles	ri fled
ŭ	ruf fle	ruf fles	ruf fled
ă	tan gle	tan gles	tan gled
ĩ	jin gle	jin gles	jin gled
ö	jog gle	jog gles	jog gled

The wind *ruffles* the face of the deep. The swift eagle *baffles* pursuit. A *rifle* will send a ball straight. His pockets were *ri-fled* by a robber. *Ruffles* are worn around the neck. I *joggled* his desk in moving. The bells *jingle* when the horse trots. Get the *tangles* out of this skein. The old horse *shuffles* along with feeble gait.

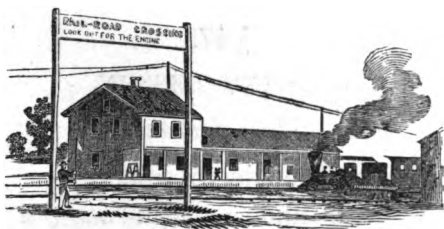


§ 45. *A Storm.*

How dark the sky is! I feel the cold air blow. See the dog run into the house.

In the field, the cows and sheep get under the trees; they know the storm is coming. Did you hear that peal of thunder? How it rolls onward! How near the thunder was to the flash of lightning!

It shows that the clouds, in which the storm is, are near to us. We can find out how near they are. As soon as you see the flash, put your finger on your pulse, and count; you may reckon eight beats of your pulse to a mile, four to half a mile, and two to a quarter of a mile. This is sufficiently accurate. You counted four beats; then the clouds are half a mile off.



§ 46. *kl, kld, klz, pl, pld, plz.*

ă	ran' kle	ran' kles	ran' kled
ĩ	pic kle	pic kles	pic kled
ũ	buc kle	buc kles	buc kled
ă	tram ple	tram ples	tram pled
ĩ	rip ple	rip ples	rip pled
ũ	cou ple	cou ples	cou pled

Pickled limes are often used for a relish. *Pickles* may be made of unripe grapes. Now I have *buckled* the strap. That *buckle* is a very strong one. Do not *trample* on that flower. See the *ripples* in that brook. John has yoked a *couple* of oxen. They have *trampled* on my flowers. Does envy *rankle* in thy heart? The shallow stream is always *rippled*. The brakeman will *couple* the cars.

§ 47.

READING LESSON.

The Balloon.

A balloon is made of silk.

It is made like a large bag; a thick varnish is spread over it; and over the bag is a network, which covers the whole of it.

The strings of the net work hang down below the mouth of the bag, and to this a car is fixed, like a small boat, in which a man can sit, or even two men.

When all is ready, this bag is inflated with gas, which is much lighter than common air.

Just as a piece of wood rises in the water, because it is lighter than the water, so the balloon, when filled with this gas, rises into the air.

Balloons have not yet been of much use; for men cannot guide them.

The word *jüst* is often miscalled *j'est*.

The word *currènts* is miscalled *currènts*.

Sound the *r* in *over*, or it will be *oeth*.

§ 48.

Quotation Marks, “ ”

These little marks are placed before words that are quoted, and after them.

The words quoted may include only a part of a sentence, or a whole sentence, and sometimes many sentences.

For instance, in reading the newspaper this morning, I saw, “War with Mexico,” in large letters, at the head of a column.

You see the words I have quoted are enclosed by these little marks.

When reading what is said by different speakers, unless the name of the speaker precedes what is said each time he speaks, as in a dialogue, you will find the words spoken have these marks before and after them.

On reaching the gate, John cried out, “I have found the ball.”

Here the words spoken by John have the quotation marks, as you may see.

In the next lesson, you will see more of them used for the same purpose.

§ 49.

READING LESSON.

How Rollo learned to read.

Would you like to know how Rollo learned to read?

It is very hard work to learn to read, and it takes a great while to do it. I will tell you how Rollo did it.

One evening, Rollo was sitting on the floor, by the side of the fire, playing with his blocks. He was trying to build a church.

He could make the church very well, all except the steeple; but the steeple *would* tumble down.

Presently, his father said, —

“Rollo, you may put your blocks into the basket, and put the basket in its place in the closet, and then come to me.”

Then Rollo's father took him up into his lap, and took a book out of his pocket.

Evening, not *evenin*. — *Sitting*, not *sittin*. — *Playing*, not *playin*. — *Trying*, not *tryin*. — *Presently*, not *presently*. — *Going*, not *goin*. — *Pict-yures*, not *pic-tshuz*. — *Disappointed*, not *disürpointed*, nor *disüppointed*.

His father said,—

“I suppose you thought there were pictures in this book.”

“Yes, sir,” said Rollo.

“There are none,” said his father; “I have not got this book to amuse you. I am going to have you learn to read out of it; and learning to read is hard work.”

Rollo was very glad when he heard this. He wanted to learn to read, so that he could read story books himself alone; and he thought that learning to read was very pleasant, easy work.

His father knew that he thought so, and therefore he said,—

“I suppose you are glad that you are going to learn to read; but it is harder work, and it will take longer time, than you think.

“You will get tired very often, before you have learned, and you will want to stop. But you must not stop.”

Suppose, not *sŭppose*. — *None* should be pronounced like *nŭn*. — *Amuse*, not *ŭmmuse*. — *Learning*, not *learnin*: *ea* like *é*, as in *her*. — *Ea* in *heard*, like *é*, as in *her*. — *Pleasant*, not *pleasŭnt*. *ea* like *é*, as in *mét*. — *T* and *e* silent in *often*.

“What!” said Rollo; “must I not stop once,—at all,—all the time, till I have learned to read?”

“O, yes,” said his father; “I do not mean that you must be learning to read all the time; you will only read a little while every day.

“What I mean is, that you must read every day, when the time comes, although you will very often think that you are tired of reading so much, and would rather play.

“But no matter if you are tired of it. It is your duty to learn to read, and you must do it, if it is hard.”

“I do not think I shall be tired,” said Rollo.

“Very well; you can see. Only remember, if you should be tired, you must not say so, and ask not to read.”

Rollo's father then opened the book, and showed Rollo that it was full of letters,—large letters and small letters, and a great many little words in columns.

Every, not *evry*: three syllables to it. — *Matter*, not *mattüh*. — *Hard*, not *hahd*: sound the *r*. — *Remember*, not *remembuh*. — *Letters*, not *lettuz*: sound the *r*.



§ 50. *sl, sld, slz, tl, tld, tlz.*

ě	wres' tle	wres' tles	wres' tled
ĩ	whis tle	whis tles	whis tled
ũ	rus tle	rus tles	rus tled
ǎ	rat tle	rat tles	rat tled
ě	net tle	net tles	net tled
ĩ	whit tle	whit tles	whit tled

I saw the boys *wrestle* at recess. John *whistles* that tune very well. The dry leaves *rustled* on the ground. The chill winds *whistled* loud and shrill. The babe has got a new *rattle*. Do not take hold of those *nettles*. The carts *rattled* over the pavement. You may *whittle* with my knife. It *nettled* him to be called lazy. The wind *whistles* through the old shed, where the horse stands.

§ 51.

READING LESSON.

Plan for Rollo to learn to read.

His sister Mary was to teach him.

Mary was to call him to her every morning, at nine o'clock, and teach him his letters for a quarter of an hour.

She was to do the same at eleven, at three, and at five. The rest of the time Rollo was to have for play.

Mary was to take three or four of the letters at a time, and tell Rollo their names, and let him try to make them on a slate, until he should know them perfectly.

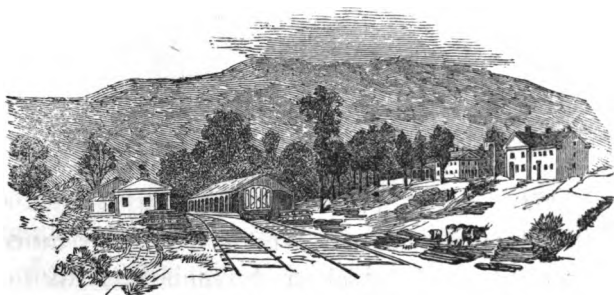
Rollo's father then said,—

“Now, Mary and Rollo, this is a hard task for both of you, I know.

“I hope you will both be patient and persevering, and be kind to one another.

“You must be obedient, Rollo; and remember you will be very glad when you can read, although it is hard work to learn.”

Pāshěnt, not *pashěnt*. — *Enjoy*, not *injoy*. — *Sistér*, not *sistüh*. — *E-lev-en*: do not clip off the first syllable.

§ 52. *vl, vld, vlz, zl, zld, zlz.*

ă	rav' el	rav' els	rav' eled
ö	grov el	grov els	grov eled
ü	shov el	shov els	shov eled
ă	daz zle	daz zles	daz zled
ï	driz zle	driz zles	driz zled
ü	puz zle	puz zles	puz zled

I *shoveled* the snow from the walk. Here is my *shovel*, made of pine wood. The slow worm *grovels* in the dirt. My eyes are *dazzled* by the blaze. The clouds begin to *drizzle*, now. Most children are very fond of *puzzles*. No sunbeam *dazzles* the eagle's eye. He will soon be able to *puzzle* it out. The snow has been *shoveled* from the railroad track.

§ 53.

READING LESSON.

Study made a Duty, not an Amusement.

Do you think it would have been better, if Rollo's father had tried to make learning to read more amusing to his little boy?

He might have got a book with letters and pictures, too; or blocks and cards with letters on them, and let Rollo learn by playing with them.

But if Rollo had begun to learn to read, expecting to find it play, he would have been disappointed and discouraged a great deal sooner.

He might have looked at the pictures, or played with the cards or blocks; but that would not have taught him the letters.

It was better that he should understand distinctly, at the beginning, that learning to read was hard work, and that he must attend to it *as a duty*.

Amusing, not *ümmusing*. — *Cards*, not *cahds*: sound r. — *Discouraged*, not *discourged*. — "Great deal," not "gra deal:" sound t. — Look out for the *ing*.

§ 54.

MARKS AND STOPS.

The Mark of Exclamation, !

This point is used after a word, phrase, or sentence, expressive of sudden emotion, or strong feeling, on the part of the writer.

Sometimes it requires the same pause as we make after a comma.

Sometimes it denotes a pause equal to a period, or even longer.

Whether the voice should have the rising or falling slide, will depend on the emotion or feeling to be expressed.

This will be explained, further on in the series of Readers, in its proper place.

It is enough for the pupil here to know, that, when the emotion is surprise, the voice should have the rising slide; but in other cases, generally, the downward slide should be used.

Equál, not *equil*, nor *equül*. — *Sentēnce*, not *sentūnce*. — *Ser-ri-ēs*: three syllables. — *Generállly*, not *generüllly*. — *Emotion*, (ēmóshūn,) not *Immotion*. — *Sentence*; see note, page 47. — *Expressed*, § 16.

§ 55.

READING LESSON.

Mother and Child.

A child had troubled his mother:
He was fretful and disobedient.
He went away to school.
He walked slowly, and thought
Of what he had said and done.
The morning sky was bright,
But he did not look up and smile;
Flowers sparkled with dew,
But he did not enjoy their sweetness;
Birds sang from tree and bush,
But he did not love their song;
For the spirit of naughtiness
Lay heavy at his heart.
He entered the school-room;
The teacher read a lesson:
"Children, a few years ago
You were little infants;
Your hands were weak and helpless,
Your feet unable to walk.
Who held you tenderly in her arms,
And, when you hungered, gave you food?"

When you cried, who had patience with you?
Who smiled on your little plays,
And taught your little tongue its first words?
Who loveth you, night and day?"

And the children said,—
"We will love and obey her
All the days of our life."
Then the child, who had been bad at home,
Held down his head with shame.

As soon as school was done,
He hastened back to his mother:
He knelt down by her side;
He hid his face in her lap, and said,—
"I was naughty to you, and did not repent.
I went to school, and was unhappy.
Mother, forgive me,
That the flowers may be sweet to me again,
And that I may look at the bright, blue sky
And be at peace."

The mother said,—
"I forgive you, my dear son;
Ask God to forgive you, also,
That the voice in your bosom
May no longer blame you,
And you may be at peace with Him."

§ 56. *skr, spr, str.*

ā	scrape	sprain	strain
ǎ	scrap	sprang	strand
ī	scribe	sprite	strife
ĩ	scrip	spring	string
ũ	scrub	sprung	strung

I love the early flowers of *spring*. Let there be no *strife* between us. *Scrape* your feet clean as you come in. Jane will have to *scrub* the floor. Give me a long, stout *string*. Here is a small *strand* of a rope. This will prove a very bad *sprain*. He *sprang* upon his horse from the ground. I feared he would *strain* himself. Anna has *strung* all her beads. This plant has *sprung* up in haste. He might have been called a *scribe*. The fast horse *strains* every nerve to increase his speed.

§ 57.

READING LESSON.

The Perseverance of little Jane.

How much may be done by perseverance.

Jane is not so bright as either of her sisters, yet I think she will grow up the most sensible woman of the three.

And what do you think is the reason?

Because she never says she *can't* do a thing; but tries, over and over again, till she does do it.

She is not quick, nor is her memory very good; therefore it is a great trouble for her to learn a lesson by heart; yet she generally gets it better than the others, though they can learn to repeat a page of history in a few minutes.

These quick young folks often forget as fast as they learn; and, like the hare in the fable, that ran a race with the tortoise, they are left behind at last.

Perseverance, not *perseverance*. — *Sensible*, not *sensibble*. — *Generally*, not *generülly*. — Sound the *r* in *regard*. — *Tortoise*, (*törtiz*.)

I was walking around the garden one fine summer morning, when I heard some one, as I thought, reading aloud; so I stopped to listen, and soon found it was Jane studying her lesson.

She tried to learn the meaning of each sentence, repeating it a great many times, till she felt sure that she should not forget it.

Just as she came to the last word, seven o'clock struck; and, this being the hour for breakfast, her two sisters came running to find her.

"Why, Jane," said Louisa, "don't you know your lesson yet? Clara and I knew it an hour ago; for we heard each other and did not miss a word."

"But you know that I cannot learn so quickly as you," replied Jane; and, shutting the book, she went in to breakfast.

At half past eight, the little girls all went into the school-room to recite; and, as I expected, Jane knew her lesson better than the others, and for this simple reason, — she

Gården, not *gåhden*. — *Summer*, § 34. — *Studying*, &c., § 36. — *Breakfast*, (*brëkfäst*), not *breakfust* — *Girls*, § 60.

had *thought* more about it, as she learned it, than they had.

She understood the *meaning* of what she learned; and, knowing the sense, it was easier to remember the words.

This one little circumstance was enough to convince me, that Jane, dull and slow as she was, would, by industry and perseverance, become a good and well-informed girl.

I have lived to see all my hopes, in regard to her, fully realized.

Jane is a blessing to all who know her; for, by the various kinds of learning she has attained, she is enabled to be *useful*; thus she is *happy*.

I advise all my little friends, who are not quick at learning, not to despair and think they shall never get on.

I have seen many instances, in the course of my life, where industry has done a vast deal more than talent.

Industry: accent first syllable. — *Remember*, § 34. — *Circumstance*, not *circumstñnce*. — *Realized*, not *reñlized*. — *Friendz*, not *frenz*; sound the *d*. — *Despair*, not *dñspair*. — *Instances*, not *in-stñnces*. — *Talent*, not *talñnt*.



§ 58. *ldz, lmz, lvz, ndz, ngz, zmz.*

ē fields	ě elms	ǻ valves
ĩ builds	ě helms	ě helves
ō folds	ě realms	ě shelves
ō moulds	ĩ films	ǫ solves
ǻ hands	ĩ rings	ǻ chasms
ĩ blinds	ĩ wings	ǻ spasms
ĩ winds	ǫ songs	ĩ prisms

I have been to walk in the *fields*. It was cool under the old *elms*. There the robin *builds* her nest. I love to hear her morning *songs*. See these new *shelves* in the closet. Here are new *blinds* to the windows. Listen to the howling *winds*. Rain-drops are *prisms* that form the rainbow. The sheep are in their warm *folds*. The miller *grinds* corn at the new mill.

§ 59.

READING LESSON.

A Hymn in Prose.

Come, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great; let us bless God, for he is very good.

He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale, and the elephant, and the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

A few years ago, and I was a little infant, and my tongue was dumb within my mouth,

But now I can speak, and my tongue shall praise God:

Let him command, and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praise him better; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

Elephant, not *elephünt*. — *Command*, not *cümmand*. — *Forgēt*, not *forġēt*. — *Remainēth*, not *remainīth*.



§ 60. *rbz, rdz, rlz, rmz, rnz, rvz.*

ê	curbs	birds	curls
ê	verbs	words	girls
â	barbs	yards	snarls
â	garbs	guards	Charles
â	arms	barns	carves
ê	germs	churns	curves
ê	terms	learns	nerves
ê	worms	turns	serves

Curbs are used to check horses. Have you seen my canary *birds*? *Charles* shall have a new book soon. He *learns* to read in this very well. That poor man *turns* to beg a penny. He lost both *arms* in battle. That stump *serves* him for a hand. He was one of the *Guards*. He bows his head, but he utters no *words*. Those little *girls* gave him a penny. The dog runs after *birds*.

§ 61.

READING LESSON.

Evil for Evil ; or, Temper improved.

“Why, Willie! what a face! And what is the matter with that little thumb that you are hugging so closely?”

“Naughty, naughty old puss!” cried Willie, in a loud, cross voice. “You need not hide under the sofa, Miss Puss. I shall take my papa’s long whip, and drive you out. You must be put in the dark closet, naughty puss.”

“Come here, Willie,” said his mother. “See this curious insect, on the window.”

“O mother! it is a wasp! Are you not afraid?”

“No. If I do not hurt him, he will not hurt me.”

Just then the wasp, in buzzing about, happened to come down on Willie’s neck.

“Stand perfectly still, my child,” said his mother, “and he will not sting you.”

Naughty, (nawty.) — Sôfa, not sôffy. — Windô

7*

Willie obeyed, but with a very anxious face.

Presently the little creature crawled from his neck to his sleeve, and then buzzed away to the window again. Willie's mother opened the window, and brushed him out with her handkerchief.

"How glad he is to be free again!" she said. "He could not find any thing to eat on my Willie's shoulder."

"He is an ugly thing! I am glad he is gone," cried Willie. "Why did you not knock him down, and step on him, mamma? Becky always does."

"Does Becky do right, always?"

"I think not, indeed! But she says, she will not let the wicked wasps come to sting me. And so she puts her foot on them; but sometimes she takes the tongs, and pinches them, or puts them in the fire."

"And my kind-hearted little boy does not like to see her do it, I hope."

Presently, not *presuntly*. — Sound the *d* in *handkerchief*. — *Again*, (ägen.) — *Gone*, (gön,) not *gawn*. — *Does*, (düz.) — *Wasps*,
{ 62.

"No, mother; indeed I do not. But I thought it was right, because ——"

"Because wasps have stings?"

"Yes."

"But you see they do no harm, if you let them alone."

"But I might hurt one, without intending to do it."

"True. Once I took hold of the window curtain; and a little wasp, that happened to be on the other side of it, let me know very quickly that he was there, by a sharp prick on my finger. I dropped the curtain, and down fell the wasp at my feet. I did not hurt him. A little vinegar soon made my finger well again."

"But, mother, ought you not to have killed him, that he might not sting any body so again?"

"If the wasp could speak, what would he say to that?"

"I don't know. What would he?"

"Pretty well, too, Mr. Willie Rogers, if

Alône, not *âlône*. — *Intending*, § 36. — *Curtain*, (*kêrtîn.*) — *Other*, (*ûthêr*;) *th* flat. — See "Primer," page 45.

I must be killed lest you should hurt me accidentally."

"Well,—I wish there were no wasps in the world."

"Pretty well, too, Mr. Willie Rogers; I wish there were no Beckies, and no Willie Rogerses."

"Very fair, Mr. Wasp!" cried Willie, laughing, and capering about.

"O ho! See, mother; puss has come out from under the sofa, and is lying down in the sunshine. How comfortable she looks, stretched out on the carpet!"

"Look, mother; my thumb bleeds a little, still, where she scratched me. See that little red bead."

"Naughty, cross old puss!" said his mother, frowning and pouting.

Willie looked up in her face with a droll smile.

"Did I look so, mother? Let me see my face in the cover of your work-box."

"O, I can't scowl, because I am laugh-

Accidentally, not *accidentŭlly*. — *Pretty*, (*prĭtty*.) — *Laughing*, (*lāfing*.) § 36. — *About*, not *ābout*.

ing. I can't help laughing, to think how you looked, making a great lip."

"Did you think it becoming?"

"O mother, — what a funny woman you are!"

"But why, Miss Puss, should you scratch a kind little boy, like my Willie?"

Puss could not answer; so Willie spoke for her.

"Why, I pulled her tail, because she would not play with my marble; and she mewed ——"

"That was her way of saying, 'O, you hurt me, Willie.'"

"I pulled it again, and then she turned round, and put her claw on my thumb, as quick, — O, how quick!"

"That was her way to punish you a little, for hurting her on purpose."

"Now you love me again; don't you, pussy?" said the little boy, lying down, and rubbing his cheek over her smooth fur.

Pussy purred, and rubbed her head against him in return.

Are, (âr,) not *air*. — *Claw*, not *clawr*. — *Purpose*, (pêrpûs.)



§ 62. *mps, sps, sks, lfs, lks, lps.*

ă	lamps	gasps	casks
ă	stamps	clasps	tasks
ĩ	limps	lisps	risks
ö	romps	wasps	mosques
ĩ	sylphs	silks	milks
ũ	gulfs	hulks	pulps

Those *lamps* are made of glass. They have filled those *casks* with water. The *wasps* have built their nest. Those little girls are great *romps*. There are many *gulfs* on the coast. Worms make the thread of all *silks*. Young lions are called *whelps*. That boy *lisps* his words sadly. Anna has learned all her *tasks*. The book was fastened by *clasps*. The Turks call their temples *mosques*.

§ 63.

READING LESSON.

“O mother, may I go to school
With brother Charles, to-day?
The air is very soft and cool:
Do, mother, say I may.

“I heard you say, a week ago,
That I was growing fast;
I want to learn to read and sew;
I'm four years old, and past.”

“Well, little Mary, you may go,
If you will be quite still;
'Tis wrong to make a noise, you know;
I do not think you will.

“Be sure and do what you are told,
And, when the school is done,
Of brother Charley's hand take hold,
And he will lead you home.”

“Yes, mother, I will try to be,
O, very good, indeed;
I'll take the book you gave to me,
And all the letters read.”



§ 64. *sts, fts, lts, mts, nts, kts.*

ǎ	masts	rafts	aw	faults
ĩ	mists	gifts	ě	belts
õ	costs	lofts	ĩ	quilts
ũ	busts	tufts	ō	bolts
ö	prompts	wants	ǎ	acts
ě	tempts	tents	ǎ	facts

All ships have three *masts*. *Rafts* are made of logs and boards. We must try to be free from *faults*. It is wise to have but few *wants*. Love *prompts* us to obey a parent. Even a child is known by his *acts*. There is no good that *costs* not labor. All perfect *gifts* come from God. Pleasure often *tempts* us from our duty. The soldiers have gone into their *tents*. It takes many *bolts* of duck to make a ship's sails.

§ 65.

READING LESSON.

The Way to obey.

When Rollo was about five years old, his mother, one evening, took him up in her lap, and said, —

“Well, Rollo; it is about time for you to go to bed.”

“O mamma,” said Rollo, “*must* I go now?”

“Did you know,” said his mother, “that it is wrong for you to say that?”

“Why, mother?” said Rollo, surprised.

“When I think it is time for you to go to bed, it is wrong for you to say or do any thing which shows that you are not willing to go.”

“Why, mother?”

“Because, that makes it more unpleasant for you to go, and more unpleasant for me to send you. Now, whenever I think that

Years, not *yeüz*: sound the *r*. — *Said* (*séd.*) — *Surprised*, not *süprised*. — *Unpleasant*, not *unpleasünt*.

it is time for you to go, it is my duty to send you, and it is your duty to go; and we never ought to do any thing to make our duty unpleasant."

Rollo then said nothing. He sat still, a few minutes, thinking.

"Do you understand it?" said his mother.

"Yes, mother," said Rollo.

"Suppose, now, any mother should say to her boy, 'Come, my boy, it is time for you to go to bed;' and the boy should say, 'I won't go.' Would that be right, or wrong?"

"O, very wrong," said Rollo.

"Suppose he should begin to cry, and say he did not want to go."

"That would be very wrong, too," said Rollo.

"Suppose he should begin to beg a little, and say, 'I don't want to go *now*. I should think you might let me sit up a little longer.' What would you think of that?"

"It would be wrong."

Nothing, (nūthing.) — *Understand*, not *undühstand*: sound the *r*.
— *Suppose*: utter the first syllable distinctly. — "Want to go," not
"wantūh go:" sound each *t* distinctly.

"Suppose he should look up into his mother's face, sorrowfully, and say, '*Must I go now, mother?*'"

"Wrong," said Rollo, faintly.

"Suppose he should not say a word, but look cross and ill-humored, and throw away his plaything in a pet, and walk by the side of his mother, reluctantly and slowly. What would you think of that?"

"I think it would be wrong."

"Suppose he should look pleasantly, and say, 'Well, mother,' and come, pleasantly, to take her hand, and bid the persons in the room good night, and walk off cheerfully?"

"That would be right," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his mother. "And always, when a child is told to do any thing, whether it is pleasant to do or not, he ought to obey at once, and cheerfully."

No child can learn well, who does not try to do this; nor can such child be happy in school or at home, because he neglects his duty.

Sorrowfully: ow like long o, not ùh. — *Reluctantly*, not *reluctantly*. — Sound the d in *told*.



§ 66. *rks, rps, rts, rst, rtsh.*

â	marks	harps	hearts
ê	works	chirps	hurts
ê	first	search	birch
ê	worst	church	perch
â	parsed	march	parch
ō	forced	porch	ô torch

Even a child is known by his *works*. Do not make black *marks* on the wall. That bird *chirps* right merrily. This shoe *hurts* my foot very much. I shall soon be *forced* to take it off, I fear. I must *first* untie the string. Now we can *search* for the cause. This is the *worst* shoe I ever wore. I can *march* home barefooted. Now we are quite near the old *church*,

§ 67.

READING LESSON.

Industry.

There are many good things to be gotten out of the earth. But men must plough and sow before they can reap, and plant before they can gather fruit. If they would have coals to burn, they must dig them; and metals from the mine, they must work hard to get and refine them.

There are riches in the wide sea. But the net must be spread ere the fishes can be taken. The whale must be pursued into the far, deep waters, to get the oil for our lamps, and the sperm candles, whose light is so pure.

In the large cities are many buildings. But the stones and timber, the bricks and boards, the iron and glass, of which they are made, were procured with toil; and the masons and joiners worked hard to put them

Fruit, (froot.) — *Metäls*, not *metöls*. — *Waters*, not *tuz*. — *Were*, (wêr, like *her*,) not *ware*. — *Joiners*, not *jîmüz*.

together, and sometimes risked their lives upon high roofs and steeples.

From foreign climes we get many things; sugars from the West India islands, and teas from China, and silks from France. But ships must go forth into distant seas, and the poor sailor bear the storm, and climb the mast, in darkness, before they can be brought to us.

There is much knowledge in books. But learned men have labored to gather and put it there; and the paper-maker, and the printer, and the binder, have worked hard to preserve it. The young must study to obtain it, and to store it in their minds.

It is so ordered in this world, that our good things are gained by industry. It is our duty, and for our comfort, to make use of the powers, and improve the time, that God has given us. The idle are never happy.

Sugars, (shügêrz,) not shügüz. — *Distant*, not distünt. — *Storm*, not stawm : sound the *r*. — *Darkness*, not dahknîss. — *Before*, not bîffore. — *Learn-ed*: two syllables, when it is an adjective. — *Paper*, &c., § 34. — *Worked*, § 70. — *Ordered*, not awdûd.



§ 68. *rth, rths, rld, ngz, ngd, ngth.*

â	hearth	hearths	snarled
ê	earth	earths	world
ê	mirth	mirth's	curled
ō	fourth	fourths	ê furred
ĩ	wings	winged	ě length
ǒ	wrongs	wronged	ě strength

Four *fourths* make a whole one. Seats are often made of *curled* hair. We see but a small part of the *world*. The elephant has great *strength*. The eagle has very large *wings*. I have called him for the *fourth* time. You *wronged* yourself by the act. That plank is ten feet in *length*. There is a good fire on the *hearth*. This *earth* is not to be our home. The warrior again his banner hath *furred*. Children crowd to hear of the *earth* and the *world*.



§ 69.

READING LESSON.

Hymn in Prose.

There is a land where the roses are without thorns; where the flowers are not mixed with brambles.

In that land there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade.

Thorns, not *thawns*. — *Flowers*, erz not uz, sound the *r*. — *Destroyeth*, not *distroyith*. — *Swallowed*, *swallūd* : long *ō*. — *Eternāl*, not *ēternūl*.

Myriads of happy spirits are there, who surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels, with their golden harps, sing praises continually; and the cherubim fly on wings of love.

This country is Heaven; it is the country of those that are good; and no one that doeth ill must enter into that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth; and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better. There we shall not grieve any more; nor be sick any more; nor do wrong any more. There the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us.

In that country there are no wars nor quarrels; but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them

Perpetual, not *ül*. — *Angels*, not *änjüls*. — *Harps*, § 66. — *Enter*, § 34. — *Scorch*, § 66. — *Wars*, not *waws*: sound the *r*. — *Parents*, not *parrünts*. — *Friends*, § 58.

here no more ; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more.

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful ; and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert ; and Elijah, the prophet of God ; and Daniel, who escaped the lions' den ; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth, they praised him on earth ; but in that country they will praise him better, and love him more.

There we shall see the Savior, who has gone before us to that happy place ; and there we shall behold the glory of the Most High.

We cannot see him here ; but we will love him here. We must be now on earth ; but we will often think on heaven. That happy land is our home. We are to be here but for a little while ; and there forever, even for ages of eternal years.

Prophēt, not *proffīt*. — *Shephērd*, not *sheppūd*. — *Bēhold*, not *būhhold*. — *Eternāl*, not *eternāl*.



§ 70. *skt, spt, rkt, lpt, kts, rpt.*

ă	asked	clasped	â	barked
ă	basked	grasped	ă	marked
î	risked	lisped	ê	worked
ă	scalped	acts	ô	warped
ě	helped	sects	ê	chirped

John *asked* me to go home with him. He *worked* a long time in the cornfield. My dog lay and *basked* in the sun. He *barked* at the birds that flew by. The sun has *warped* this board. I *asked* him to take a small piece. He *helped* himself, and took the whole. Such *acts* are very selfish. The dog *yelped* and went into his kennel. He *frisked* and jumped and ran about all the morning, till he hurt his foot.

§ 71.

READING LESSON.

The neglected Lesson.

William. O mother, I cannot get this lesson; it is so very hard. The words will not stay in my mind a moment.

Mother. I fear you have something in your mind that crowds your lesson out. I cannot see any thing difficult in the lesson. What are you thinking of?

William. I was thinking that I wished I could finish getting my lesson, and go out to play ball with the other boys.

Mother. I fear you are thinking more of the play than of the lesson; and that makes all the difficulty.

William. Why should not I go out to play as well as those boys? I am sure I don't know what I have done to be kept in, while they are out playing.

Mother. You are not kept in for any

Mother, § 34. — *Words*, § 60. — *Moment*, § 38. — *Something*, § 36.

thing you have done, but for what you have *not* done.

William. It is very hard to be deprived of play, because I could not get my lesson.

Mother. Not because you *could* not, but because you *did* not. If you had studied your lesson when the other boys did theirs, you might have gone out with them.

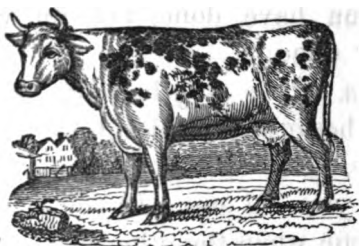
William. But, mother, I did try a little while, at first, to get it.

Mother. That was not enough. When you have any thing to do, I wish you to do it as well as you can, and think of nothing else till it is done ; for you cannot do two things well at the same time.

William. Indeed, mother, I wish I had studied better, for I desire very much to go out. I know it is my duty to study ; and to try to please my parents, who are so very kind to me.

Mother. No lesson will be difficult, when the whole mind is given to it, with an earnest desire to get it.

First, (fêrst,) not fûst. — *Enough*, (ênuf.) — *Earnest*, not earneist
— *Two*, (too.) — *Lesson*, (leasn.)



§ 72. *ngks, ngkt, nth, nth, dst, lst.*

ă	thanks	thanked		ī	whilst
ī	links	linked		oo	ru'lt
ŷ	winks	winked		ō	roll'st
ē	tenth	tenths		ă	hadst
ŭ	month	months		ī	didst

I *thanked* him for my new book. There are ten *links* in this chain. Each link is one *tenth* part of it. I have had this chain two *months*. Ten *tenths* make a whole one. *Didst* thou see the lightning, boy? Thirty days will make one *month*. Thou *hadst* the book last, I think. All *thanks* to the cow for her good milk. We have had this cow four *months*. Father *thinks* this is the best one we have.

§ 73.

READING LESSON.

What a Child can do.

You can see, and hear, and smell, and taste, and feel ; because you have senses ; for sight, and hearing, and smelling, and taste, and feeling, are senses.

You can put things together in your mind, after you have seen them. You can say to yourself, a tree has a root ; from the root a stem grows ; from the stem or trunk the branches grow ; from the branches the twigs grow ; from the twigs the leaves grow ; and a tree consists of root, stem, branches, twigs, and leaves.

You know you live in a town, and the town is in a county, and the county is in a state, and the state is in a country : this is knowledge.

You can speak out, in words, what you think in your mind : this is speech.

Consists, § 64. — Think, § 18. — ing, § 36.

You know what your father and mother mean when they speak to you : this is understanding.

When you have seen or heard of any thing, you can keep it in your mind : this is memory.

When you have read any thing many times, you can bring it back to your mind, when you wish : this is recollection.

You know what is good and what is bad : this is judgment.

You can choose the good, and put away the evil from you : this is freedom.

You can put away evils from you, more and more, and grow better and better, every day ; and this power is given you by your heavenly Father.

He gives you your life, and every thing good, which you see, or hear, or taste, or smell, or enjoy, or know.

You cannot be too grateful to him for all his care, and love, and mercy.

You cannot be too thankful to him for

Heard, (hěrd.) — *Recollection*, not *recüllection*. — *Evils*, (ěv'ls,) is silent. — *Every*, § 78.

kind parents, and friends, and teachers, who love you and strive to do you good.

You cannot praise him too much for health, and all your enjoyments. And if you always try to put down every selfish feeling, and treat every one as you would wish them to treat you; and if you will obey his Word, as far as you can understand it, in his infinite love and mercy he will take you to live with him, in his spiritual world, where all are good, and the good are always happy.

There will be no more sorrow, and all tears will be wiped away.

There you will see things more beautiful than ever you saw in this world, and will meet all the good people you have ever known and loved; and there you will learn the delight of being always useful, like the angels of heaven.

Will you not, then, improve the talents which God has given you? One of these talents is *time*. Will you waste it? It belongs to God and to mankind. Render to all that which is due.

Friends, § 58. — *Wiped*, § 22. — *Things*, § 58. — *Enjoyments*, § 76.



§ 74. *rdzhd, rvd, rmd, rnd, dzhd, ndzhd.*

â	charged	carved	ě	pledged
ê	urged	served	ǒ	lodged
ê	scourged	curved	ǔ	judged
ê	termed	learned	ā	changed
ê	squirmed	turned	ā	ranged
ô	formed	warned	ĩ	tinged

This statue was *carved* out of marble. John was *charged* with drinking spirit. He *pledged* his word to do it no more. Now he has *turned* from his old ways. He has *warned* others of their danger. In this John was mainly *urged* by duty. For now he is truly a *changed* man. In bed she *learned* her prayers from a mother's lips.



§ 75.

READING LESSON.

The Child and the Flowers.

Put by thy work, dear mother ;
Dear mother, come with me ;
For I've found, within the garden,
The beautiful sweet-pea ;—

And rows of stately hollyhocks,
Down by the garden-wall,
All yellow, white, and crimson,
So many-hued and tall !

And bending on their stalks, mother,
Are roses white and red ;
And pale-stemmed balsams, all in blow
On every garden-bed.

Put by thy work, I pray thee,
And come out, mother dear :
We used to buy these flowers,
But they are growing here.

O mother ! little Anna would
Have loved these flowers to see ;—
Dost remember how we tried to get
For her a pink sweet-pea ?

Dost remember how she loved
Those rose leaves pale and sere ?
I wish she had but lived to see
The lovely roses here.

Put up thy work, dear mother,
And wipe those tears away ;
And come into the garden
Before 'tis set of day.



§ 76. A as in MAN before final NS, NT, and NTS.

ā	fra' grant	fra' grance
ă	stag nant	bal ance
ě	rem nant	ven geance
ĩ	dis tant	dis tance
ā	va grant	va grants
ĩ	in fant	in fants

These roses are very *fragrant* indeed. Their *fragrance* fills the whole room. The water in that pool is *stagnant*. There is only a small *remnant* left. We can weigh it in a *balance*. I find the *distance* is not very great. The *vagrant* was sent off to prison. How sweet are the smiles of *infants*! The mother prays for her *infant* in the cradle.

§ 77.

READING LESSON.

What is meant by a Fictitious Story.

"Father, will you tell me a story?" said Rollo, one day.

"Shall it be a true story, or a fictitious one?" said his father.

"What is *fictitious*?" asked Rollo.

"A story that is not true."

"But it would be wrong for you to tell me any thing that was not true, would it not?" said Rollo.

"Do you think it would be certainly wrong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Suppose you were coming along the yard, and were riding on my cane, and you should come up to me, and say, 'Papa, this is my horse. See what a noble horse I have got.' Would that be wrong?"

"No, sir."

"Would it be true?"

Fictitious, (fiktishūs.) — *Sitting*, § 36. — *Asked*, § 70. — *Certainly*, (sêrtinly.) — *Horse*, § 12. — *True*, (troo.)

"No, sir; it would not be a real horse."

"Now, do you know why it would be right, in this case, for you to say it was a horse, when it was not?"

Rollo could not tell.

"I will tell you," said his father. "Because you would not be trying to *deceive* me. I could see your horse, as you called him, and could see that it was nothing but a cane. You would not be trying to deceive me, and to make me think it was a real horse, when it was not."

"No, sir," said Rollo.

"If you should say any thing which is not strictly true, and want to make me think it *is* true, that would be very wrong. That would be telling a lie. So it would be very wrong for me to tell you any thing which is not true, and try to make you think it is true. But it is not wrong for me to make up a little story to amuse you, if I do not try to deceive you by it.

"That would be a fictitious story."

Deceive, not *disceive*. — *Nothing*, (nūthing.) — *Strictly*, (stricktly,) not *striklly*: the *t* should be sounded. — *Amuse*, not *amuse*, nor *imamuse*.



§ 78. E in the second syllable like E in HER.

ā	bra' ver y	sla' ver y
ě	ev er y	en er gy
ī	lib er ty	mis er y
ō	prop er ly	prop er ty
ě	gen er al	sev er al
ī	min er al	lib er al

The *general* commands the whole army. His *bravery* has already been tested. We all can fight bravely for *liberty*. We should be *liberal* to all who need. I have seen *several* soldiers to-day. They would *properly* be called recruits. The rocking-horse is my *property*. I ride on his back *every* day. In *general* he is a very safe horse, but he sometimes takes the *liberty* to throw me off.



§ 79.

READING LESSON.

Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house away!
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 'tis Thanksgiving day.

Over the river, and through the wood;
O, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky;
The dogs do bark,
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
Ting a ling ding,
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
No matter for winds that blow,
Or if we get
The sleigh upset,
Into a bank of snow.

Winter, § 34. — *Blue*, (blew,) not bloo. — *Bark*, § 12. — *Jingling*,
§ 36. — *Hurrah*.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound,
For 'tis Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow,
With loud bow wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood,
When grandmother sees us come,
She will say, "O dear,
The children are here;
Bring a pie for every one."

Over the river, and through the wood;
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Grandmother : sound the *d.* — *Every*, § 78. — *Through*, (throo,) not *threw*.



§ 80. ER *as in* HER; OU *like u in* TUB.

ā dan' ger ous

ě gen er ous

ō pros per ous

ě reg u lar

ō pop u lar

ǎ slan' der ous

ĩ vig or ous

ū nu mer ous

ĩ sin gu lar

ǎ bach e lor

It is *dangerous* to neglect our duty. He was called a noble and *generous* man. Exercise will make us *vigorous*. The flies are already *numerous*. Observe some *regular* plan of study. He would be called a *singular* man. The *generous* are justly *popular*. The *prosperous* should aid the unfortunate. Prayer is a safeguard against the *numerous* ills of life.

§ 81.

READING LESSON.

The great Creature a Balloon.

“O Harry, Harry! pray come here!” cried Harriet to her brother, who was gathering wild flowers at a little distance, to make a nosegay for her: “do pray come, and tell me what that great thing is which I see in the sky.”

Harry ran directly to see the strange sight; but he laughed as he ran towards her, because he thought it could be nothing but a cloud.

He had often seen clouds very oddly shaped; sometimes like little boys and girls, sometimes like trees and houses; for he was a very intelligent little boy, observed every thing, and liked to be told the meaning of what he saw.

With all his knowledge, however, Master Harry was very much surprised when his

Distance, § 76. — *Gäthëring*, not *gëthrin*. — *Laughed*, (läft.) — *Towards*, (to'ërdz.)

sister pointed out a great round thing mounting in the air, with something hanging at the lower part of it, just like their papa's boat, which was kept in the boat-house near the river.

"What can it be, Harriet?" said he: "it makes me think of a picture in one of my little books, where there is a great monstrous bird flying away with a poor lamb.

"But look! look!—there are two men in that thing like a boat—O dear!—and flags!"

"I am frightened," said little Harriet, getting close to her brother, who was two years older than herself.

"Suppose it were to fall down upon us, boat, and men, and all; we should be killed, Harry."

"But here comes old Giles: perhaps he can tell us what sort of a creature it is, which is flying away with the two poor men."

Suppose, not *s'pose*. — *Perhaps*, not *p'raps*. — *Giles*, (*Jiles*.) — *Gentlem'n*, not *gentlemün*. — *Learned*: two syllables, when it is an adjective.

They went up to Giles, directly; but he could only tell them that the strange thing was called a balloon, and that the men in the boat were two gentlemen, who had found out the way to make the balloon go up to the clouds, and even to pass through them.

"I am but a poor laborer," added he; "and, as you may suppose, not learned enough to be able to tell you how it is done; nor would you, perhaps, understand me, if I could. But your papa will explain it to you when you are older.

"All that I can say is, that if my father had had money to put me to school, I do not think it would have been thrown away; for I dearly love books, Master Harry; but, alas! I have no time for reading.

"I have no doubt that the two gentlemen, whom you see with the balloon, when they were little boys, spent the greatest part of their time in learning their lessons, and reading such books as were given to them, and so they got on from little books to large books, till they grew up to be young men, and then they found out this wonderful way of paying a visit to the clouds.

“Who knows, Master Harry,—if you are not an idle young gentleman, but mind your lessons rather than spend all your time in play,—who knows, I say, what wonderful things you may one day find out?”

Harry was much delighted at the thought of being a man of learning; and, as the balloon was now out of sight, he ran home, to ask his papa a dozen questions about it; and little Harriet was glad the *great creature* was gone, for she could not help being afraid that it would fall upon her head.

§ 82.

READING LESSON.

The Boy and the Bird.

One day Henry had a very long sum to work out, and it was so difficult that he feared he would not be able to do it. He did not at once take his slate and try to do it, as a good boy would have done; but he

Dearly : sound the *r*. — *Räthér*, not *rüthüh*, nor *räthür*. — *Dozen*, (*düz'n*.) § 98. — *Elegant*, § 76.

ran out of the house, and went into a field and sat down on the grass.

A bird flew by, and Henry thought he would like to be a bird, and have no work to do. In this he was wrong; for the bird did not fly on, but came to the ground not far from Henry's side, and tried to carry off a long twig to build a nest.

As the stick was large, each time the bird rose it caught her wings, and she fell back to the earth. So, first she took hold of it this way, and then that way, but all to no purpose; for it was too long for her to bear off with ease.

She lost her hold five or six times, but at last she caught hold of it in the right place, and carried it off easily. Well, thought Henry, this ought to teach me not to give up my task as if I could not do it. I will try again, and persevere, even if I fail five or six times, as the poor bird did.

He went back to the house and took his slate again. Once or twice he was on the point of giving up, but he thought of the bird and the stick, worked on in hope, and succeeded.



§ 83. *Second syllable short ; final E silent.*

ā	change' a ble	ca' pa ble
ǎ	pal pa ble	par a ble
ě	ter ri ble	sen si ble
ě	spec ta cle	cred i ble
ǒ	prob a ble	pos si ble
ū	du ra ble	mu ta ble

Jane wore a *changeable* silk. The evils of war are *terrible* to encounter. The report is, at least, perfectly *credible*. That was a very *sensible* remark. No doubt the thing is highly *probable*. Some people do not think it *possible*. It was, indeed, a very sad *spectacle*. The goats are *capable* of drawing the load.



§ 84.

READING LESSON.

Little Mary is cross to-day.

“What is the matter, Mary? Why do you stamp upon your work.”

“The needle is very ugly,” said Mary. “It pricks my fingers every minute.”

“The needle is not naughty, but my little girl is not good-natured,” said her mother.

“I do not love to sew. May I get my playthings?” asked little Mary. Her mother told her she might get them.

So Mary brought out her wooden lion, and her china lamb, and her doll, and a little

milkmaid with a churn. Mary twitched the string that made the milkmaid churn, and it broke. Then she could not raise her arm up and down any more.

Mary began to cry quite loud. "What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"This is a very ugly milkmaid," said Mary; "she will not churn any more."

"The string broke, because you pulled it too hard," said her mother.

Before Mary could dry up her tears, her father and her little cousins, George and Charlotte, came in.

When her father asked what made her eyes look so red, her mother said, "Little Mary is cross to-day."

"O, no, I am not cross," said Mary; and she was going to cry again. But her father spoke to her very kindly, and though her lip trembled a little, because she was very much grieved, she did not cry loud.

She ran to find her very little pail, full of pretty popping-corn, that she might show it to her cousins.

Trembled, § 42. — Pretty, (pritty.)

Charlotte gave her a little swan and a piece of steel. The swan's mouth was made of magnet. Magnet loves steel, and always tries to go to it.

They put the swan in a basin of water, and held the steel a little way from him. Then the bird began to swim toward the steel, because the magnet in his mouth wanted to get hold of it. It made Mary laugh, to see the swan go round wherever the steel moved.

She fastened a crumb of bread on the steel, and held it to him, and called, "Come, biddy, come!"

The bird went after the bread, just as he would if he had been alive and hungry. Charlotte told her, that if she held it too near the swan, the magnet would take hold of the steel.

George and Charlotte went into the next room, to play with the bow and arrow, and little pail of corn.

While they were there, Mary held the steel too near the bird, and the magnet and

Fastened, (fāsnd,) § 96: t and both e's silent. — *Arrow*, § 106.

steel fastened together, like two pieces of wax. Mary screamed out. She forgot, that when her father looked so kindly at her, she did not mean to cry any more that day.

Her mother came running in, to see if she was hurt.

"What! is my little daughter crying again?" said she.

"I did not mean to cry any more," said Mary; "but this swan is very ugly. He bit the piece of steel!"

"The swan is not naughty," said her father; "my own Mary is not good-natured. Your cousin told you that the magnet and steel would fasten together, if you put them too near. You could easily have pulled it away, or you could have asked Charlotte to come and take it off. Would it not have been much better than to scream so?"

Mary held down her head, and said it would have been much better; and she

Förgöt. — *Looked*, § 22. — *Daughter*, (dawtêr.) — *Naughty*, (naw-ty.) — *Cousin*, (küzzn,) § 98. — *Told*, § 6. — *Asked*, § 70. — *Scream*, § 56. — *Held down*: sound each *d*.

promised her father that she would try to be pleasant all day.

But soon after, George came running, with a dead butterfly, that he found in the window. He struck his foot against Mary's little pail, and spilled all the corn on the floor.

"O dear!" said Mary, "what an ugly pail!" and she began to cry again.

When George had picked up all the corn, and Mary was quiet once more, Charlotte asked her aunt if she would be so good as to cut out some houses, and trees, and dogs, from some nice white paper she held in her hand.

Her aunt cut out a great many pretty things for her, and made some little boats and cocked-up hats for Mary. After that, Mary's father went into the library, and her mother went into her own room. When she went away, she said, "You must be good children, and be very kind to each other. I hope I shall not hear my little Mary cry again to-day."

Pleasant, § 76. — *Window*, not *windüh*, nor *windür*, § 106. — *Corn*, (§ 10,) not *kawn*. — *Library*, not *libry*.

• § 85.

READING LESSON.—CONTINUED.

Mary's mother had told her, a great many times, never to put any thing in her nose or ears. But when little girls are fretful, they feel very uneasy, and do not know what to do with themselves.

Mary rolled up some of the paper, and stuffed it in her ears. But when she had done it, she was very much frightened; for her mother had often told her it might hurt her very much.

She ran to the foot of the stairs, and screamed, as loud as she could, "Mother! mother! I have got a cocked-up hat in my ear!"

Her father and mother went to her, very quick. She called so loud, they were afraid she was half killed. But when they heard what she said, they laughed very much; and that made Mary cry louder.

Her mother took the paper hat out of her ear, and wiped away her tears. When Mary looked round, she saw Charlotte sitting

on her father's lap. She puckered up her lip, and looked at her mother with a very grieved face.

Her mother smiled, and shook her finger at her; so she did not cry again. But her voice trembled very much, as she said, "Mother, cousin Charlotte is sitting on *my* father's lap."

"That is because Charlotte is a good girl, and does not cry," said her father; "if my little daughter will be good-natured, she shall sit on my lap, too." Mary could not bear that. She loved her father very dearly; and when he was displeased with her, it made her feel very unhappy. She laid her head in her mother's lap, and sobbed.

"Mary is not well, I am sure," said her mother. "I will ask Susan to take her up to the nursery. She must be very ill, to cry so much."

"O, don't send me to the nursery. I am not ill; but I do want to cry," said Mary.

She knew it was naughty to do so. In

Trembled, § 42. — *Dönt*. — *N* has its ringing sound in *finger*. —
Bécause not *bükause*.

a few minutes, she wiped her face quite dry, and looked up very pleasantly. A gentleman came in to talk with her father and mother.

He happened to look at one of Mary's picture-books; and her father asked if he would like to take it home, and show it to one of his little girls. He thanked him, and put it in his pocket. Mary came very near crying again; but she remembered her father had said, she must not sit on his lap if she cried.

So she crept up softly behind his chair, and whispered, "Father, that is *my* book."

"I know it, my dear; you shall have it again," said her father. He smiled at her, and put his hand on her little bright curls, and she felt very happy.

When she saw the gentleman go away, with the picture-book in his pocket, she tried very hard to keep from crying. She shut her mouth tight, and winked her eyes, and would not let the tears come. When she

Minutes, (mīn'its.) — *Pleasantly*, not *pleasāntly*, § 76. — *Thanked*, § 72. — *Remembered*, not *remembūd*. — *Behind*, not *būhhind*. — *Whispered*, not *whispūd*. — *Curls*, § 60. — *Winked*, § 72. — *Tears*, § 12.

looked up, she saw that her father was very much pleased with her, for trying to be a good girl. He took her in his lap, and kissed her, and said, —

“Now Mary is a good little daughter, because she did not cry, when she wanted to cry very much indeed.”

Mary said, “I will try never to cry so much again, dear father. My playthings break, and you don’t love me, and I feel very badly myself, when I am cross.”

She was a better little girl afterward. If she began to cry, she stopped herself, and said, “I don’t want mother to say again, ‘Little Mary is cross to-day.’”

Do you, my little reader, try to govern yourself? To cry at every little trouble is very unkind to those who love you, and who do so much for your good. Besides, the silly habit will prevent your enjoyment of the comforts and blessings kindly bestowed, by our heavenly Father, on all who will partake of them with grateful hearts.

Kissed, § 16. — *Stopped*, § 22. — *Hearts*, § 66.

TABLE III.

Review of Consonant Combinations.

i	wild	ld	ĩ	bills	lz
ě	elm	lm	ě	melt	lt
ě	help	lp	ũ	pulse	ls
ě	shelf	lf	ĩ	silk	lk
ă	sand	nd	ě	pens	nz
ĩ	lint	nt	ě	dense	ns
õ	pomp	mp	ě	tempt	mt
ĩ	times	mz	ā	tamed	md
ô	orb	rb	â	bard	rd
ê	turf	rf	â	dark	rk
ê	curl	rl	â	arm	rm
ô	morn	rn	â	harp	rp
ê	purse	rs	â	part	rt
ê	nerve	rv	â	bars	rz
ê	mirth	rth	â	harsh	rsh
ō	robes	bz	ē	deeds	dz
ă	bags	gz	ā	waves	vz
ĩ	cliffs	fs	ā	lakes	ks
ō	hopes	ps	ă	bats	ts
ă	act	kt	ě	wept	pt
õ	soft	ft	ĩ	tithes	thz
ā	cage	dzh	ĩ	rich	tsb

§ 86.

READING LESSON.

*Rising slide before OR, and the falling slide after it,
in a question.*

Will he come to-dáy, or to-mòrrow?

Did you call Anna, or Charles?

Shall I wear a hat, or a cap?

Did he go willingly, or unwillingly?

Did James ride to town, or walk?

Did he buy a horse, or a cow?

Did he go on business, or for pleasure?

Did George recite correctly, or incorrectly?

Was it bought for you, or for me?

Did he speak distinctly, or indistinctly?

Did they act properly, or improperly?

Must we act according to the law, or contrary to it?

Did he say he would do so again, or he would not?

Did he say wisdom, or caution?

Did he say wisely, or unwisely?

When words or clauses in a question are connected by OR, where an alternative is expressed, the *rising slide* or *inflection* should precede the OR, and the *falling slide* come after it.

§ 87.

READING LESSON.

Little Children.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water-side,
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child.

In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every where.

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,

Ing, unaccented, § 36. — *Woodlând*, not *woodlünd*. — *Mountains*, (mountinz,) § 108. — *Desért's*, not *desüt's*, § 66. — *Isles*, (ilz,) § 6. — *Tribes*, § 18.

Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
 Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
 On a league of peopled ground,
 Little children may be found.

Blessings on them! they in me
 Move a kindly sympathy
 With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
 With their laughter and their tears,
 With their wonder so intense,
 And their small experience.

Little children, not alone
 On the wide earth are ye known,
 'Mid its labors and its cares,
 'Mid its sufferings and its snares.
 Free from sorrow, free from strife,
 In the world of love and life,
 Where no sinful thing hath trod,
 In the presence of your God,
 Spotless, blameless, glorified,
 Little children, ye abide!

Gone, (gön,) not *gawn*. — *Shone*, (shön.) — *Blessings*, § 68. — *Peopled*, § 46. — *Wonder*, § 34. — *Experience*, not *experiance*, § 38. — *Labors*, (labêrz,) not *labüz*. — *Sufferings*, not *suffrings*. — *World*, § 68. — *Presence*, § 38.

§ 88.

READING LESSON.

Rising and Falling Inflections.

You must not say fâtal, but fàtal.

You must say fàtal, not fâtal.

He did not call mé, but yòu.

He called mè, not yóu.

He did not go willingly, but ùnwillingly.

He went willingly, not ùnwillingly.

You must not say wìsdom, but wìsdom.

You must say wìsdom, not wìsdom.

It was not done còrrectly, but ìncorrectly.

It was done còrrectly, not ìncorrectly.

He did not act próperly, but ìmproperly.

He acted pròperly, not ìmproperly.

We must not act cóntrary to the law, but
accòrding to it.

We must act accòrding to the law, not
cóntrary to it.

When a denial is contrasted with an affirmative assertion, the denial requires the *rising* inflection or slide, and the affirmative assertion takes the *falling* inflection. This lesson will be found a very useful exercise for drilling the voice; and it will be well to revert to it often.



§ 89.

READING LESSON.

The Parrot, Crow, Wren, and Dove.

Mary. There is James, coming from school, with his bag of books slung over his shoulder. I will run and tell him what uncle Thomas has brought home for us.

Ann. I know he will wish it had been a monkey. He is always talking about monkeys.

Mary. Monkeys are sly, mischievous creatures. I like pretty Poll as well again as a monkey. James! James! make haste,

and come here. Uncle Thomas has brought something for us.

James. Is it a monkey?

Ann. There, now! I knew he would ask whether it was a monkey.

Mary. O brother, it is a great deal prettier than a monkey. It is a beautiful parrot, all green and gold, except a little tip of red on the tail. Come and see the *Macaw*.



The *Parrot* can learn to utter the words that he hears. He can often speak quite plain. He is very fond of repeating the words, Pretty Poll!

He does not know the meaning of the words he hears and repeats. But he tries to imitate all the different sounds he hears.

He will sometimes call the chickens just as the hen does. He does it very well, too; for the chickens run at his call.

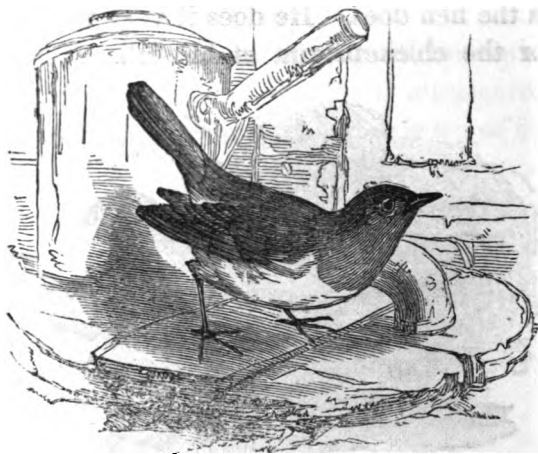


A *Crow* can be taught to utter words, but not so plainly as the parrot.

James has a tame crow. He has taught the crow to repeat two or three words quite well. Crows give great trouble to the farmers.

They get the corn that is planted in the fields, before it springs up.

This bird is called a *Wren*. The wren does not build her nest on a high tree. She chooses a bush, or some low place for it.



The wren looks large in the picture, compared with the other birds. But it is really very small.

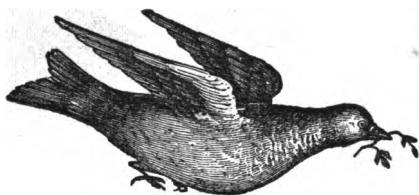
The wren is fond of living near houses and barns. It feeds chiefly on insects. It is so small that it can go into small holes to hunt for food. You will hear them early and late. They go under the eaves of a

building, and search the crevices to find insects.

These birds are found in great numbers all over the country, and often even in our cities.

Do not hurt the birds. They will be quite tame, if you do not frighten them.

They will hop about, picking up the food you give them, and turning their heads to one side so knowingly and trustingly, that, I am sure, no one can have the heart to hurt one of them.



The *Dove* is a domestic bird. If you prepare a house or home for them, they will make their nests in it.

They walk about on the roof of the house or barn, and get their food in the barn yard or around the house. They are quite tame, and do not seem afraid of us. They often feed with the hens and chickens.



This large dove comes to my window every morning, and alights on the sill.

He walks back and forth, cooing, which I suppose is his way of thanking me for the food he always finds there ready for him.

He seems to say, "Here I am again. Are you glad to see me? I like to come here. I thank you for my breakfast."

TABLE IV.

Review of Consonant Combinations.

ō	blow	bl	ā	table	bl
ā	flame	fl	ī	rifle	fl
ǎ	glad	gl	ē	eagle	gl
ē	clean	kl	ŭ	uncle	kl
ā	plane	pl	ǎ	apple	pl
ē	sleep	sl	ī	whistle	sl
ē	sphere	sf	ē	needle	dl
ī	skin	sk	ǎ	battle	tl
ī	smile	sm	ē	evil	vl
ō	snow	sn	ŭ	puzzle	zl
ī	spin	sp	ā	brave	br
ō	stop	st	ō	drone	dr
ā	frame	fr	ā	grape	gr
ē	creep	kr	ī	pride	pr
ē	tree	tr	ō	throne	thr
ī	shrine	shr	ā	scrape	skr
ā	sprain	spr	ē	street	str
ē	spleen	spl	ā	chain	tsh

The Tables are intended for a simultaneous review by a class, or the whole school. Once a week, if not once a day, pupils should be exercised in them. It will, in time, secure distinctness of articulation, and facility of utterance, so desirable in every one; and will save much labor of correction.



§ 90.

READING LESSON.

The Use of Flowers.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall ;
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ;—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not :
Then wherefore had they birth ?—
To minister delight to man ;
To beautify the earth ;—

To comfort man — to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him !

The voice should fall at the end of the above question, because asked by the word *wherefore*.

TABLE V.

Review of Consonant Combinations.

ǔ	gulfs	lfs	ǎ	lamps	mps
ĩ	silks	lks	ě	desks	sks
ě	whelps	lps	ǒ	wasps	sps
ě	tempts	mts	ō	bolts	lts
ě	tents	nts	ō	coasts	sts
ĩ	gifts	fts	ǎ	facts	kts
ê	serfs	rfs	â	marks	rks
â	harps	rps	â	parts	rts
â	armed	rmd	ê	turned	rnd
ê	world	rld	ê	curved	rvd
ē	fields	ldz	ě	realms	lmz
ě	shelves	lvz	ǎ	hands	ndz
ǒ	songs	ngz	â	arms	rmz
ô	horns	rnz	ô	orbs	rbz
ê	words	rdz	ê	pearls	rlz
ĩ	whilst	lst	ê	first	rst
ǔ	month	nth	ǔ	months	nths
ǎ	hadst	dst	ǔ	judged	dzhd
ǎ	thanks	ngks	ĩ	winged	ngd
ǎ	canst	nst	ě	helped	lpt
ô	warped	rpt	ĩ	lisped	spt
â	marked	rkt	ĩ	risked	skt

§ 91.

READING LESSON.

All Things decay.

I have seen the rose in its beauty ; it spread its leaves to the morning sun.

I returned ; it was dying upon its stalk ; the grace of the form of it was gone ; its loveliness had vanished away ; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain ; its branches were covered with verdure ; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow.

I returned ; the verdure was nipped by the east wind ; the branches were lopped away by the axe ; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed. It mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the stream ; their wings glittered with gold and purple ;

Boughs, (bowz.) — *Verdure*, (vêrdyure.) — *Nipped*, § 22.

their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance.

I returned; they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he walked, he ran, he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those.

I returned; he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him, and the breath out of his nostrils.

Therefore do I weep, because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God. All that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die.

Returned, § 74. — *Stretch*, § 56. — *Numerous*, § 80. — *Insects*, § 64. — *Works*, § 66.

§ 92. *dn, dnz, dnd, fn, fnz, fnd.*

â	harden	hardens	hardened
ö	soften	softens	softened
ī	widen	widens	widened
ī	stiffen	stiffens	stiffened

Those *gardens* belong to Anna and Charles. This is my own little *garden*. We very *often* work in them. I am almost *deafened* by the noise. How much they have *widened* this street! The ground *hardens* in the hot sun. But it is *softened* by digging. Much gold hath *hardened* his heart. Death *stiffens* the most active limbs. Excess of joy or sorrow *softens* the heart. I am *deafened* by the loud singing.

§ 93.

READING LESSON.

All Things fade, to be renewed.

I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.

I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh ; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon ; gloom and darkness brooded around.

I looked ; the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect spin itself into a tomb, and shroud itself in a silken cone.

I looked again ; it had burst its tomb, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man, and so shall thy life be renewed.



§ 94. *kn, knz, knd, pn, pnz, pnd.*

ō	open	opens	opened
ă	happen	happens	happened
ē	deepen	deepens	deepened
ĭ	quicken	quickens	quickenened
â	hearken	hearkens	hearkened

My child, *hearken* unto my words. *Open* thy heart to the law of thy God. Every day brings *tokens* of His love. Has sorrow *darkened* thy path? Let thy love of truth be *deepened*. Let thy zeal in His service be *quickenened*. The accident *happened* this morning. The trap-door was carelessly left *open*. What *happens* to thee may *happen* to all. Affliction is but a *token* of mercy. Faith *opens* the heart to receive a blessing.

§ 95.

READING LESSON.

The Apple-Tree.

Let them sing of bright-red gold ;

Let them sing of silver fair ;

Sing of all that's on the earth,

All that's in the air ;

All that's in the sunny air,

All that's in the sea ;

And I'll sing a song as rare,

Of the apple-tree !

The red-bloomed apple-tree ;

The red-cheeked apple-tree ;

That's the tree for you and me,

The ripe, rosy apple-tree !

Learned men have learned books,

Which they ponder day and night ;

Easier leaves than theirs I read, —

Blossoms pink and white ;

Blossom-leaves all pink and white,

Wherein I can see

Charactered, as clear as light,

The old apple-tree ;

The gold-cheeked apple-tree ;
The red-streaked apple-tree ;
All the fruit that groweth on
The ripe, rosy apple-tree !

Autumn comes, and our good man,
Soon as harvest toil is o'er,
Speculates on apple-crops.
I have eyes that see the core
Of the apple-tree ;
The old, mossy apple-tree ;
The young, glossy apple-tree ;
Scathed or sound, the country round,
I know every apple-tree !

Winter comes, as winter will,
Bringing dark days, frost and rime ;
But the apple is in vogue
At the Christmas-time.
At the merry Christmas-time
Folks are full of glee ;
Then they bring out apples prime,
Of the primest tree ;
Singing, with a jolly chime,
Of the brave old apple-tree !



§ 96. *sn, snz, snd, tn, tnz, tnd.*

ŷ	listen	listens	listened
ě	lessen	lessens	lessened
ī	whiten	whitens	whitened

Charles must not neglect his *lesson*. He must *listen* to those who teach him. *Lessons* learned will make him wise. He has *written* his copy very well. Here comes the *kitten* to see his book. She *listens* to hear Charles read. *Kittens* cannot learn to read. Their *lesson* is how to catch mice. How the stars *glistened* in the sky! Love of study has *lessened* the task. Hope has often *sweetened* toil. Charles lives in the hut.

§ 97.

READING LESSON.

A Fairy Story.

Mother. The sun is down, and it is beginning to grow dark. Draw down the curtains; stir up the fire; and we will chat a little while before you go to bed.

Robert. O mother, do tell us a story.

Mother. What shall I tell it about?

Robert. O, a fairy story, mother.

Mother. A fairy story! well. Once on a time there lived ten little fairies.

Robert. Where did they live, mother?

Mother. They did not all live together. Five of them lived in one family, and five in another. They were at a distance from each other; but they often met, and always found, that when they did their work together, they did more, and did it better, than when they were separate, proving that union is strength.

Curtains, § 108. — *While*: see "Gradual Primer," page 59; it is a common fault to omit the sound of *h*. — *Distance*, § 76. — *Found*, § 8. — *Work*, § 12. — *Strength*, §§ 56 and 68.

When they worked by themselves, they were very awkward, and did but very little; but when they worked together, it was surprising to see how much they would do, without being half so much tired as they were by trying to work by themselves, though they hardly did any thing.

Robert. What work did they do, mother?

Mother. They would do all kinds of work that ever was done, when they were together; but they could neither play nor work well apart. You could not even spin your top without the help of all ten.

Robert. O, I know what the ten fairies are. You mean my fingers.

Mother. Ah, yes, little Robert, and now you have guessed out my fairy story, you may go to bed. Good night, my son; and remember, that when brothers and sisters agree, and try to aid each other, they can do more work or study, and they will be happier too, in their plays.

Worked, § 70: be careful to sound the *r*. — *Themselves*, § 58. — *Surprising*, not *stipprising*, § 36. — *Kinds*, § 58. — *Fingers*, not *Angüz*, § 12: give *n* its ringing sound. — *Guessed*, § 18.



§ 98. *vn, vnz, vnd, zn, znz, znd. thn, thnz, thnd.*

ě	leaven	leavens	leavened
ē	reason	reasons	reasoned
ě	lengthen	lengthens	lengthened
ē	season	seasons	seasoned
ā	blazon	blazons	blazoned

There are *seven* days in a week. The *heavens* declare the glory of God. He hear-eth the *ravens* when they cry. The *seasons* praise Him as they roll. Faith *strengthens* the weak heart. War *blazoned* forth its dreadful triumphs. Twelve *things* will make a *dozen*. To-morrow I shall see my *cousins*. Encouragement will *strengthen* him. "Of such is the kingdom of *heaven*." The good shepherd collects his flock in *season*.

§ 99.

READING LESSON.

The Rainbow.

“The clouds are passing swift away
And gently falls the rain;
The thunder’s roll is distant heard;
The sun shines bright again.

Please, mother, lay your work aside,
And come and stand by me,
And hear the little robins sing
Upon the great elm-tree.

Oh, look, how bright the rain-drops shine,
Upon each leaf and flower!
The trees and grass are very green;
They love the cooling shower.

And, mother, look up in the sky,
And see that pretty bow;
I am so glad to see it there;
How bright its colors glow!

I wonder why the rainbow comes
When it is raining fast;
I think that I would rather wait
Until the rain had passed.”

“ But, Anna, though the rain-drops fall,
The sun shines very bright ;
The pretty rainbow that we see
Is formed by rain and light.

The light shines through the drops of rain,
And colors bright are seen —
Indigo, orange, yellow, red,
Pale violet, blue, and green.”

“ Mother, my sister used to stand
At this same door with me ;
And when she saw the rainbow bright,
How she would laugh with glee !

You say that now she lives in heaven,
Angels of her take care,
And teach her what is good and true ;
But have they rainbows there ? ”

“ Yes, Anna, they have rainbows there,
Of every hue and shade ;
Far lovelier than those on earth,
Their colors never fade.”

Bright, § 20. — *Formed*, § 74. — *Yellow*, § 108.



§ 100. *lv, lvd, ldzh, ldzhd, pts, rbd.*

ē	re solve'	re volve'	re volved'
ī	in dulse	di vulge	di vulged
ǎ	ac cepts	a daps	ab sorbed
ĩ	in volve	dis solve	dis solved

Do not *indulge* yourself in idleness. *Re-*
solve not to lose one moment. Charles is
 wholly *absorbed* in study. The noise *dis-*
turbed him very much. He easily *adapts*
 himself to the place. He has always been
involved in debt. He *indulged* his son too
 much. Anna *accepts*, with pleasure, your
 kind offer. Charles does not like to be
disturbed while he is rehearsing his new
 piece.

§ 101.

READING LESSON.

Night. The Eye that never sleepeth.

The glorious sun has set in the west; the night dewa fall; and the air, which was sultry, becomes cool.

The flowers fold up their colored leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered under the hen, and are at rest. The hen herself is at rest also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling; they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of bees around the hive, nor amongst the honeyed woodbines; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a number of voices,

nor of children at play, nor the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

All men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother.

Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all people, when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth?

There is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye that seeth in the dark night as well as in the bright sunshine.

When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little twinkling through the thick clouds; that eye seeth every where,

Harsh, § 10. — *Saw*: do not add the sound of *r* to it. — *Spread*, § 56. — *People*, § 46. — *Sunk*, § 18.

in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

The eye that sleepeth not, is God's; his hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary; he made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant may not be disturbed; as she draweth the curtains around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes; so God draweth the curtains around us; so he maketh all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

Laborers spent with toil, and young children, and every insect, sleep quietly; for God watcheth over you.

You may sleep, for he never sleeps; you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness has passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through

Insect, § 22: sound the *t* distinctly.

your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise.

Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs; sing to him, before you sing to your mates.

Let his praise be in our hearts when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips when we are awake.

God made all things, but he is himself more excellent than all which he hath made; they are beautiful, but he is beauty; they are strong, but he is strength; they are perfect, but he is perfection.

God is in every place; he speaks in every sound we hear; he is seen in all that our eyes behold; nothing, O child of reason, is without God; let God, therefore, be in all thy thoughts.

Strike, § 56. — *Open*, § 94. — *Birds*, § 60. — *Warble*, § 42. — *Spread*, § 56. — *Thanks*, § 72. — *Things*, § 58. — *Excellent*, § 38. — *Taken*, § 94. — *Strong*, § 56. — *Reason*, § 98. — *Every*, § 78. — *Behold*, not *bühhold*, § 6.

TABLE VI.

Review of Consonant Combinations.

ī	fifth	fth	ī	fifths	fths
ě	length	ngth	ê	earths	rths
â	march	rtsh	â	charged	rdzhd
ã	changed	ndzhd	ê	worlds	rldz
ê	nerves	rvz	ă	spasms	zmz
ě	depths	pths	ā	gazed	zd
ê	curbed	rbd	ī	bilged	ldzhd
ī	hidden	dn	ō	solved	lvd
â	gardens	dnz	ī	widened	dnd
ō	often	fn	ō	softens	fnz
ō	oaken	kn	ě	deafened	fnd
ō	tokens	knz	â	darkened	knd
ē	deepen	pn	ō	opened	pnd
ă	happens	pnz	oo	loosens	snz
ī	listen	sn	ě	lessened	snd
ī	written	tn	ē	sweetened	tnd
ī	kittens	tnz	ě	heavens	vnz
ě	seven	vn	ě	leavened	vnd
ũ	dozen	zn	ē	reasoned	znd
ē	seasons	znz	ě	lengthens	thnz
ě	strengthen	thn	ě	lengthened	thnd
ě	healths	lths	ē	precepts	pts

§ 102.

READING LESSON.

Happiness from Charitable Industry.

It was a winter's night; but the fire blazed cheerfully in the rectory parlor.

Four little girls were seated round a table, working, with their mother spinning at their side.

"The hum of that wheel is quite musical this evening!" exclaimed Emily, one of the merry little party.

"And to me," said Mary, "it seems as if the fire burnt more brightly than usual."

"I was just going to say," cried Helen, "that our candles were certainly superior to those we had last night."

"I suppose it is all these pleasant circumstances together," interposed Lucy, "that make me feel more comfortable than I ever before felt."

The attentive mother smiled, and, stopping her busy wheel, said, "My dear children, I readily believe you all feel more

than usually happy this evening. But, begging pardon of all your wise heads, I do not think the excellence of the fire, the goodness of the candles, the charm of my humming wheel, or even the united merits of all these, produce your present content."

"What then, dear mother?"

"Your employment, my children."

Their worthy old neighbor, Dolly, was too ill to work; and they were too poor to give her as much money as she needed; so they employed their leisure in making such articles as she could readily sell in the village. The things were so neatly made, and so cheaply rated, that old Dolly sold them as fast as she obtained them.

After a short silence, the whole party assented to the truth of their mother's remark.

"Yes," cried they, "it is very true. Our employment gives a charm to all about us; for we think we are doing good."

"And thus it is, my dear children," said the tender mother, "that we ourselves are the sources of our own content, and, in many cases, of our own happiness."



§ 103. E and O in ERN, ERS, and ORS, as in
HER. rn, rz.

ă	lan' tern	pat' tern
ă	tav ern	slat tern
ě	west ern	leath ern
ŭ	gov ern	south ern
ā	fa vors	cham bers
ē	teach ers	preach ers
â	har bors	par lors
ă	ban ners	man ners

James was a *pattern* of obedience. Pupils should always obey their *teachers*. The task is to *govern* ourselves. He carried a *lantern* to see the way. Ill *manners* show a want of self-respect. Be grateful for the smallest *favours*. Our coast has many good *harbors*. The soldier fought under American *banners*.

§ 104.

READING LESSON.

The Revengeful Tortoise.

A tortoise, who had all the day
Been basking in the solar ray,
And finding fault with every thing,
Because *he* could not fly and sing,
Espied a katy-did, whose track
Led her to light upon his back,
Mistaking it for some old stone,
Where she desired to be alone.

“Well!” groaned the tortoise, “I have now
A friend to *back* me, any how.

The insolent, presumptuous things,
They think, because they’ve gauzy wings
And croaking voices, that they can
Make free with any gentleman.

“I’ll drown the saucy thing, I will.” So
saying,

He plunged within the brook there straying;
And, as he plunged, a hungry bird,
That watched for fish, the dipping heard,

And caught the tortoise in his claws,
While far among the clouds he soars.
The katy-did jumped on a tree,
And went on singing merrily,
And never even dreamt that one
Had been disturbed by what she'd done.

*When any one offends, forgive ;
And even let a reptile live.
Revenge is sure to harm : then try
To pardon e'en an enemy.*

§ 105.

READING LESSON.

The First Grief.

"O, call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee;—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight;—
O, call my brother back!

The flowers run wild — the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load ;—
O, call him back to me !”

“He would not hear thy voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou’lt see.

A rose’s brief, bright life of joy—
Such unto him was given ;
Go ! thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven !”

“And has he left the birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o’er ?—
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !”



§ 106. Ow, *final, like o in no.*

ă	shad' ow	tal' low
ă	nar row	ar row
ě	fel low	yel low
ĩ	pil low	wil low
ĩ	wid ow	win dow
õ	fol low	hol low
õ	bor row	mor row
ũ	bur row	fur row

These candles are made of *tallow*. A coward is afraid of his own *shadow*. See how high my *arrow* will go. Where did you get that piece of *willow*? How very *yellow* the bark is! Will you please to open the *window*? My dog will *follow* me any where. The passage for the railroad between the rocks is *narrow*.

§ 107.

READING LESSON.

The Old Slate.

"I have a great mind to break this stupid old slate," said little Charles, one morning, as he sat over his first sum in subtraction.

"Why, what has the poor slate done?" asked the pleasant voice of his sister Helen, behind him.

"Nothing; just what I complain of; it won't do this hard sum for me; and here it is almost school-time!"

"What a wicked slate, Charles!"

"So it is. I mean to fling it out of the window, and break it to pieces on the stones."

"Will that do your sum, Charlie?"

"No; but if there were no slates in the world, I should have no good-for-nothing sums to do."

"O, ho! that does not follow, by any means. Did slates make the science of arithmetic? Would people never have to

Window, follow, § 106. — Science, § 38.

count and calculate, if there were no slates? You forget pens, lead pencils, and paper; you forget all about oral arithmetic, Charlie!"

"Well, I don't love to cipher; that is all I know."

"And so, you hasty boy, you get angry with the poor harmless slate, that is so convenient when you make mistakes and want to rub them out again.

"Now, that is the way with a great many thoughtless, quick-tempered people. They try to find fault with somebody or something else, and get into a passion, and perhaps do mischief; when, if they would but reflect a little, it is their own dear selves who ought to bear the blame.

"Now, Charlie, let me see what I can do for you." Charlie came rather unwillingly, laid the slate in her lap, and began to play with the trimming on her apron.

"Why, what is all this?" said she; "soldiers, and cats, and dogs, and houses with windows of all shapes and sizes!"

Somebody, not somebody. — Apron, (āpŕn.)

Charlie looked foolish. "O, the sum is on the other side," said he, turning it over.

"Ah, silly boy," said Helen; "here you have been sitting half an hour drawing pictures, instead of trying to do your sum."

"Now, my little man, you must go to work in good earnest, to make up for lost time."

"O Helen, it wants only twenty minutes of nine; I can't possibly do this sum and get to school by nine. I shall be late. What shall I do? I shall certainly be kept if it is not done. Can't you do it for me, just this once, Helen?"

"No," said Helen.

"O, do, there's a dear, good sister; just this once."

"No, Charlie; there would be no kindness in that. You would never learn arithmetic in that way."

"Just once," still pleaded Charlie.

"No," answered Helen, in a kind, but resolute tone; "if I do it once, you will find

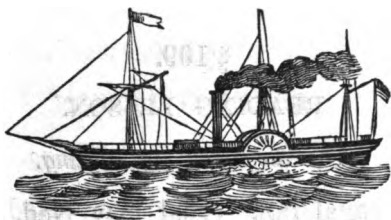
Soldiers, (söld-yêrz.) — *Broken*, § 94. — *Possibly*, § 83. — *Certainly* § 108. — *Just*, not *jëst*, § 16.

it harder to be refused to-morrow; you will depend on me, and sit playing and drawing pictures, instead of ciphering. I will do a much kinder thing. I will keep you close at it till the job is over."

So she put her arm gently round him, and though Charlie pouted at first, and could hardly see through his tears, she questioned him about his sum, and began to show him how to do it, yet letting him work it out himself, in such a pleasant manner, that he was soon ashamed of being sullen.

After all this was finished, patiently and diligently, Charlie was surprised to find he would still be in good season for school.

"Now, to-morrow, Charlie," said Helen, "do not waste a moment, but go to your lesson at once, and draw your pictures afterwards. This will save time and temper; and you will not get into a passion with this clever old slate of mine. It went to school with me when I was a little girl, and I should have been sorry if you had smashed it for not doing your work. Half the time when people complain, it is because they feel that they have done wrong."



§ 108. *AI and I in final AIN and INE like I in PIN.*

ou	foun' tain		moun' tain
ă	cap tain		plan tain
ê	cer tain		cur tain
ē	chief tain	â	bar gain
ă	fam ine		san guine
ă	rap ine		vac cine
ê	er mine	ǒ	doc trine

Here is a small *fountain* of water. We are now at the foot of the *mountain*. Now I am *certain* of finding the way. Be just and honest in every *bargain*. Is that the *captain* of the steamship? Here is a new *curtain* for my window. He is very *sanguine* in his hopes. It is *certain* that the steamer will arrive in season.

§ 109.

READING LESSON.

Too lazy for any Thing.

"It's royal fun," cried lazy Ned,
"To coast upon my fine, new sled,
And beat the other boys;—
But, then, I cannot bear to climb
The tedious hill, for every time
It more and more annoys!"

So, while his schoolmates glided by,
And gladly tugged up hill, to try
Another merry race,
Too indolent to share their plays,
Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,
While shivering in his place.

Thus he would never take the pains
To seek the prize that labor gains,
Until the time had passed;
For, all his life, he dreaded still
The silly bugbear of *up hill*,
And died a dunce at last.



§ 110. E in *final* ESS like E in LESS.

ī	mild' ness	kind' ness
ō	bold ness	close ness
â	dark ness	sharp ness
ă	damp ness	mad ness
ē	heed less	sleep less

There was *mildness* in his mien. There was true *kindness* in his manners. *Darkness* was upon the face of the deep. He must have had a *sleepless* night. He has recovered from his *sickness*. Be not *heartless*, but be *artless*. Charles has made some *progress* in study.

§ 111.

The Parenthesis, ()

When a word, or clause, or sentence, is incidentally or abruptly introduced into a sentence to explain it, or some part of it, the word or words so introduced are enclosed by *crotchets*.

The enclosed part is called a *parenthesis*.

The words of a parenthesis should be read more rapidly than the including sentence, and generally in a monotone.

Charles must read a parenthesis with a lower and softer voice, showing the hearer that the words have no necessary relation to the rest of the sentence, but are introduced merely by way of explanation: thus;

“Know, then, this truth, (enough for man to know,) Virtue alone is happiness below.”

Writers sometimes use two dashes to enclose a parenthesis: thus;

“He gained from Heaven — ’twas all he wished — a friend.”

§ 112.

READING LESSON.

Forgiveness.

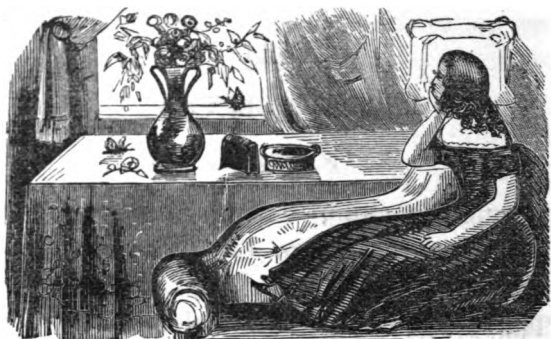
A very little child, one day,
Too young to know the harm it did,
Trampled, with his small, naked foot,
The place in which a violet hid.

The violet sighed its life away,
Embalming, with its last, faint breath,
The little foot that thus, in play,
Had put its soft, blue flower to death.

Ah! was it not a tender flower,
To lavish all the wealth it had,
Its fragrance, in its dying hour,
Mild, meek, forgiving, mute, though sad?

My little child, the lesson learn:
Be thou the violet; love *thou* so;
Retort no wrong; but nobly turn,
And with thy heart's wealth bless thy foe.

M



§ 113.

READING LESSON.

The Butterfly and the Flowers.

"Ah, you beautiful butterfly," cried Dora, as she walked in the garden; "do let me take you in my hand; I won't hurt you at all!"

So she stretched out her hand to touch it; but it flew away into the parlor, and she followed it.

The butterfly rested upon a lovely rose, among many other flowers beautifully arranged.

The vase was so surrounded with branches from the smoke tree, that the flowers

seemed to be looking out of a cloud or through a thin veil.

As Dora no longer offered to touch the insect, it remained perfectly still for some time, while she quietly gazed at its beauty.

When, at last, it flew away, she felt not the slightest wish to detain it any longer.

Dora threw herself on the lounge, and continued looking at the lovely flowers, when she suddenly heard, coming from the midst of them, the tones of the softest and sweetest voices she had ever imagined.

It was evidently Blush Rose that was speaking.

“My dear Lily, how did you like that flashy-looking creature who rested himself here, right among us, without even asking leave?”

Lily shook herself till the room was filled with the melody coming from her golden bell, and said,—

“To say the least, he was certainly very bold.”

“If he had tried to taste the sweet juice always kept here by our friend, Pitcher-

Plant, she would have shut him up, and never let him out again."

Again Lily Bell rang forth sweet music, and Dora saw that all the other flowers were troubled.

Long Grass was waving to and fro, as if angry.

Oats shook and trembled so, that she feared they would all separate and fall on the floor.

Meadow Sweet showed her displeasure by holding her head still higher, and withholding her fragrance, while she looked paler than ever.

Blue-eyed Grass closed her pretty lids, and would not open them, in spite of the entreaties of her friend Daisy, who, ever moving, and chatting as fast as possible, wished to find out, by looking into the blue eyes of her speechless friend, what she thought of the matter.

White Garden Lily held herself quite stately, paying no attention to any one near her, but evidently much offended at the bold intrusion.

Lily of the Valley, breathing sweet fragrance, and her little bell giving out the most silvery, fairy-like tone possible, looked up from a corner, where she was quite hidden, and where she had been talking with her dearest friend, Violet, and asked what was the matter.

Lady Rose looked lovingly at Lily, saying, "Nothing, my darling, nothing of consequence."

So Lily turned again to converse with Violet. But immediately half a dozen voices exclaimed, —

"Not of any consequence! not of any consequence!" and Wild Lily rang her golden bells loudly, as she drew herself up haughtily.

"Certainly not," replied Lady Rose. "He did us no harm, and I dare say thought he was giving us a great pleasure, by displaying his brilliant wings. Don't you agree with me, dear friend?" said she to Pond Lily by her side; who answered, softly, —

"Yes, Rose, and I am glad he came; for though one does not always like to see such flashy creatures, yet it is good sometimes."

Some of the flowers now began to whisper together in a very strange manner, and Dora saw, that, though Grass still waved, she had lost her grace; though Golden Lily Bell still rang, her music was not sweet; though Daisy still chatted, she waved uneasily about; and White Garden Lily was no longer stately and lovely, but haughty and scornful.

These were so busily talking all together that they did not notice that Lady Rose, Pond Lily, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Blue-eyed Grass, and Smoke were all listening attentively.

The first idea they had of it was, when Mr. Smoke poked himself in their faces, making them all sneeze. Then how they started, and trembled, like guilty creatures! for they had been saying all manner of unkind, jealous things about Lady Rose, who had kindly received the tired butterfly.

She, however, made no remark, though her friends at once began to speak for her. What was said seemed to have no effect in allaying their envious feelings.

They looked ashamed of being caught with slander on their lips, but not sorry for what they had spoken, until Violet gently said,—

“Sisters and friends, do not let unkindness and jealousy create such discord among us.

“Do not change your loveliness to ugliness, by such wrong thoughts and words.

“You must be as beautiful in what you think and do, as you are in your forms.

“Ah! I see you are better.

“Dear Grass, you are no longer ungraceful.

“Your bells, Lily, are again musical.

“Your prattle is again good natured, Daisy.

“And you, lovely Queen of Lilies, are again yourself.

“Our dear Rose forgives you, I know, by her exquisite fragrance.

“Those tears, trembling among your leaves, again bind us together.

“We are once more sisters and friends, whom no idle scapegrace butterfly can separate.”

Then from Violet, also, a pearly dew-drop ran down, fell and quivered on the marble, and Dora saw that they were all again beautiful.

At that moment her mother entered the room, and awoke her; for she had been asleep, and *dreamed* all this.

Dora ran to the vase, stooped down, and kissed the violet, saying,—

“Ah, you dear, dear Violet, how I love you, sweet peacemaker!

“O, you are all good now, I see.

“I wish I could hear your bells ring again, Golden Lily.

“How kind Rose looks!

“And, ah! Blue-eyed Grass has opened her eyes, and Lily Queen bends over Lady Rose and her friend Pond Lily, in the most loving manner.”

Dora told her dream, and her mother smiled, as she said,—

“Is it not pleasant, my dear, to hear lessons from the flowers? and will you not remember them?”

“Yes, indeed, mamma, and I shall never, never forget them.”

§ 114.

READING LESSON.

The Child in the Morning.

Now I wake and ope my eyes;
For the sun is in the skies;
He has left his kingly bed,
Clouds of gold and rosy red,
And the earth is full of light
Beaming from his eyes so bright.
Little eyes must open too;
Little folks have work to do.
I must dress me quick and neat,
Nice and clean from head to feet;
Good cold water must not spare,
Brush my teeth and comb my hair;
Then kneel down and slowly say—
Thinking not of work or play,
But with fixed and earnest thought—
That dear prayer our Savior taught;
Then think softly how to-day
I the Savior can obey;
How God's name can hallowed be,
And his will be done by me.

I must be a Christian child,
Gentle, patient, meek, and mild ;
Must be honest, simple, true,
In my words and actions too.
I must cheerfully obey,
Giving up my will and way ;
Must not always thinking be,
What is pleasantest to me ;
But must try kind things to do,
And make others happy too.
If a playmate treats me ill,
I must be forgiving still ;
I must learn my lessons well,
Not my schoolmates to excel,
But because my heart's delight
Is in doing what is right.
And in all I do and say,
In my lessons and my play,
Must remember God can view
All I think and all I do ;
Glad that he can know I *try*,
Glad that children such as I,
In our feeble ways, and small,
Can serve Him who loves us all.

§ 115.

READING LESSON.

Speak the Truth.

"It is my doll, and he wants it," cried Anna, running to her papa and mamma, all in tears and anger.

"I only wanted to look at it, you cross girl!" said George, running after her, and trying to snatch the doll from her.

"Hallo! young man!" said his father; "do you use your strength only to oppress the weak? Fie! I thought it was the first duty of a man to protect a woman, not to abuse her."

"Yes, papa, but Anna is such a pet, and such a peevish little girl!"

"No, sir," said Anna; "it is you that are a tyrant, and a rude, rude boy."

"I am no tyrant, miss."

"Yes, sir, you are."

"Silence, if you please, both of you," cried their father; and their mother, drawing Anna towards her, asked her how the affray began.

Now Anna was a girl of truth, and when she began to think over the matter, she found she had been cross, as her brother said.

Like a noble child, she would not change the truth to hide her fault; so she blushed, and was silent, and cast down her eyes.

George, therefore, came forward to speak, and his words were bold enough at first.

"Papa, now I will tell you all about it. I wanted to see Anna's doll, and so I — I —"

Here he began to stammer.

"Speak on," said his father. "You wished to see Anna's doll, and you asked her to let you look at it."

George was now quite silent; he too blushed and cast down his eyes, whilst Anna peeped at him slyly through a corner of her eye, and smiled upon him with a pretty saucy smile.

He felt willing to smile also, but he tried to look grave. "As George does not go on to tell us *all about it*," said his father, archly, "suppose, my little Anna, you begin the story where he left off."

So Anna said, in a kind of whisper, "I would not have kept it, if he" — then she stopped and added, "I believe I was cross."

"No, no," cried George, loudly, "you were not cross till I was rude."

"Papa," said he, firmly, "I wanted to snatch the doll from her, and that's the truth of the matter."

His father shook hands with him, and said, "That is right! Always speak the truth, even when it shows your faults."

Anna ran to her brother, and he kissed her, and called her his pretty little Nan.

"There is nothing," said their mother, "like speaking the truth, for ending quarrels, and for making us all live in peace."

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children dear, you should not let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

§ 116.

READING LESSON.

The Boy and the Stars.

You little twinkling stars, that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here
With neither book nor toy,
For I am sent to bed, because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did :
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid !

I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read ;
And not to have my own way yet,
Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak ;

But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies, and through the clouds,
And round about the pole!

The moon, that once was round and full,
Is now a silver boat;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then how we should float!

Does any body say, "Be still,"
When you would dance or play?
Does any body hinder you
When you would have your way?

O, tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west,
So patiently and slow.

"We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question. When he speaks,
We listen and obey."



§ 117.

READING LESSON.

Playing Cars.

Caleb sat in his little chair, by his mother's work table, reading a book.

Just then little Mary came out of a china closet, drawing her wagon full of blocks.

It was a pretty little wagon, made of mahogany, and with brass wheels.

Mary hauled the wagon along before the fire, and then turned the whole load over upon the carpet.

Then she sat down by the side of the blocks, and began to build what she called a train of railroad cars.

It was a long row of little structures, with a large one at the head for a locomotive.

As soon as she had them all arranged, she jingled a little bell that her mother had lent her for the purpose, and began to say, choo ——— choo ——— choo — choo, just as the locomotive does when the train starts.

This was what she and Caleb called “playing cars.” Caleb taught her to play cars.

Presently, Caleb laid down his book, and got down upon the carpet with Mary, and played cars with her for some time.

But they did not agree very well.

Caleb wanted Mary to play his way, and Mary wanted Caleb to play her way.

Once or twice, when they began to dispute, their mother spoke to them.

“Caleb,” she said, at one time, “don’t trouble Mary.”

“Why, mother,” he replied, “she does not play right. I am only showing her how to fix them right.”

Then all was quiet for a minute or two ; but soon their mother would hear discordant voices again.

"Children," said she, "be pleasant."

"I want it here," said Mary to Caleb, in an impatient tone, pulling, at the same time, upon the blocks.

"No," replied Caleb, pulling in his turn, "*no*; that is not the place for the locomotive."

"Caleb," said his mother, "let her have them just as she pleases."

"But, mother," said Caleb, "she is going to have the locomotive behind the cars, and it ought to be before them."

"O, it's no matter," replied his mother; "let Mary amuse herself in her own way."

"Why, yes, mother, it is very important; for the cars will run off of the track if the locomotive is behind."

Their mother did not answer, but went on with her sewing, apparently thinking of something else.

The children got along pretty peaceably for a few minutes, when they got into another discussion, more serious than any before; and at last their mother had to call Caleb away.

She told him that he had done very

wrong to go and disturb Mary, when she was there playing very pleasantly by herself.

"Why, mother," said Caleb, "I only went to help her."

"O, no, Caleb," said his mother.

"Why, yes, mother, I did, certainly," said Caleb, with a positive air and manner; "she was not playing right."

"That is what older children very often say," she replied, "when they trouble younger ones; but I think that if you look at it candidly, you will see that you were pursuing your own amusement, not hers."

Caleb did not answer, but he felt conscious that his mother was right.

"She was busily employed," continued his mother, "amusing herself with her own playthings, and you went and unjustly deprived her of the enjoyment of them, in order to gratify your own ideas and feelings."

Caleb was silent.

"That is selfishness — seeking your own gratification in total disregard of others' rights.

"Now, I advise you not to have such a

spirit as that, but to try to do some good to Mary, even if it makes you some trouble, instead of troubling her to make enjoyment for yourself."

Caleb was silent; but he secretly resolved to follow his mother's advice.

"Mary," said Caleb, "would you like to have me help you put your blocks away?"

"Yes," said Mary.

So Caleb helped to put the blocks into the wagon, and let Mary draw them to the closet.

He wanted to draw them himself; but he saw she wished to do it, and so he walked along by her side. Caleb was anxious to make some amends to Mary for the injustice that he had done to her, and so he said, —

"Well, Mary, now what would you like to have me do for you?"

"Why, I would like to have you tell me a story," said Mary.

Caleb used often to tell her stories; sometimes they were true, and sometimes fictitious.

You will find Caleb's story on the next page.



§ 118.

READING LESSON.

Caleb's Story about the Cow.

"What shall my story be about, Mary?" said Caleb.

"O," said Mary, "about a cow."

"Well," said Caleb, "I will tell you a story about a cow."

"Once there was a cow, and her name was Whitehorn. She lived in a farmer's yard."

"One day she said to herself, 'I don't see why they never let me go into the house.'"

“‘I am sober, and steady, and still; I never make any noise, nor trouble any body at all.

“‘I think they might let me go into the kitchen sometimes.’

“Just then she happened to feel thirsty, for it was a very warm summer’s day.

“‘O,’ said she, ‘I know where to get some drink. I will go to the tub.’

“So she went to the great tub under the pump, at the corner of the yard; but there was no water in it.

“She put her nose down into the tub, but there was no water there — not a drop.

“‘Ah,’ said she, ‘the water is all gone. I am afraid it is all dried up.

“‘What shall I do? I wish I could pump.’

“Then she walked along to the kitchen door. The door was open.

“‘I wonder,’ said she, ‘why they will never let me go into the kitchen. I would like to know what the farmer’s wife keeps there.’

“So she stood at the door, with her feet upon the great flat stone which was placed there for a step.

“She looked in. She saw many wonder-

ful things ; at least, they seemed very wonderful to a cow.

“There was a great tin kitchen down before the fire, with some meat roasting in it.

“Old Whitehorn wondered what it could be.

“She thought it must be some sort of a milk pail.

“She had never seen any thing of tin except a milk pail.

“‘O, what a great fire!’ thought the cow. ‘I wonder what they make a fire for this hot day. I’m sure I don’t want a fire.’

“Then she looked around the room, to see if there was any thing there that she did want.

“There was a sink in one corner. In the sink there was a pail.

“‘Ah,’ thought Madam Whitehorn, ‘this is for me.

“‘If that pail is only full of water, it will be just enough for a drink.

“‘I have a great mind to go and see. I will walk in softly, and not make the least noise.’

“So she began to step along into the

kitchen. She tried to walk softly, but her feet were very hard ; and they went *knock — knock — knock* along the floor.

“ She was frightened to hear what a noise she made.

“ She could always walk softly on the ground, and she wondered what caused her feet to make such a noise upon the floor.

“ However, she went to the sink, and put her great round nose into the water pail, and drank until the water was all gone.

“ But now, Mary, where do you suppose the farmer’s wife was all this time ? ” said Caleb, interrupting himself in his story.

“ I don’t know,” answered Mary, wondering where she could be.

“ Why, she was in the chamber,” said Caleb, “ sweeping the floor.

“ She heard a very heavy tread down in the kitchen, and came running down to see what it could be.

“ When she opened the kitchen door, there stood old Whitehorn, just drinking up the last mouthful of water.

“ So she ran after Mrs. Whitehorn with her broom, to drive her out.

"The poor cow walked out as quick as she could, to save her back from the broom of the farmer's wife."

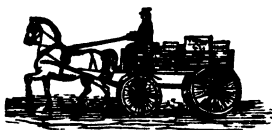
Here Caleb paused.

"Now tell me some more," said Mary.

"No," said Caleb, "that is all."

So Caleb put Mary down, and she went up stairs to the nursery.

§ 119.



READING LESSON.

"Let me think — what have I done wrong to-day?" Charles thought for some time, and suddenly exclaimed, —

"Why, how many things I *have* done!

"I was cross to Grace this morning; stopped little Louis; went out into the yard, and walked back into the nice clean entry with my feet all muddy, when Susan told me not to; and when dear mother wished

me to study my lessons, I was cross and sulky about it, and vexed her very much by saying them imperfectly.

“Now, I must try what good I can do, to make up for my behavior this morning. Perhaps I can do something for Grace. I’ll go and see.”

Away he went up to the nursery to find her.

“Well, Gracey, is there any thing I can do for you?”

Grace looked up, smiling with pleasure, and said, —

“O, yes, dear brother, I’m so glad you came to ask me, for I have been trying *ever* so long to put this wheel on to my Dolly’s carriage; but I can’t.”

Charles fastened on the wheel in a few minutes.

“There, little Gracey, it is all mended, and Miss Dolly can ride without any fear.”

Grace thanked him with a kiss, and then he went to find Louis.

“I think,” said he, as he went along, “I think I’ll give him that great ball of

mine ; he was wishing for it the other day. Yes, that is the thing."

He took it out of his box of playthings, and ran to Louis, who was very busy drawing on a slate, and cried out, —

"Louis! Louis! here is the ball you wanted. You may have it for your own ; only be careful and never throw it against the windows."

"Thank you, dear brother ; I will be very careful, because you are so kind. You won't strike me any more, will you?"

Charles blushed, as he said, —

"I hope not. I shall try not to get into a passion again."

"Now," said he to himself, as he left Louis playing with the ball, "now I must do something for Susan, and beg mother's pardon."

As he went down stairs, he saw the tracks of his muddy feet still in the hall.

"Ah!" he said, "Susan has not seen this ; so I'll ask her for the broom, and do it myself. Susan, will you please to hand me the broom?"

"What do you want it for, Master Charles? To do some mischief with, I'll warrant."

"No; I want to sweep out some muddy tracks I made in the hall, this morning, up stairs. I'll bring it back immediately."

Susan gave him the broom, and, when he brought it back, she said, —

"Thank you, Master Charles. I am very busy, and don't know when I should have had time to sweep it, and your mother would have been displeased, had she seen it."

"Why, how they all thank me!" said Charles. "I am certainly a great deal happier than when I am cross and disobliging, I *will* try to be good *always*."

"What can I do for mother? I have finished my lesson for to-day; so I must wait till to-morrow to show her that I mean not to vex her any more by saying them badly."

"O, she wanted her hyacinth bed weeded! I'll put on my hat and do it now."

So off he went, and when it was done, and the weeds had been gathered up from the

neat gravel walk, he went down to the brook, and stooped down to gather some wild violets and lilies of the valley for his mother.

The voice of conscience said to him, "You have done well, dear boy, but you must persevere; act well every day, and you will be as happy as the little birds."

A few minutes after, he entered his mother's room.

"Here, mother! I want you to imagine that these flowers are telling you how sorry I am for my naughty behavior this morning, and that I mean to try not to do so any more.

"I feel so much happier when I am good, that I am determined to try to be good all the time."

"My dear son, I am very happy to hear you make this resolution; and this happiness will be increased when I see you *continue* to feel thus, and to *try to be good* for the *sake* of the *good*.

"Whenever you feel discouraged, pray to the Lord for help, and he will aid you. He will give you strength to continue in the right path."



§ 120.

READING LESSON.

Down, down the hill how swift I go,
Over the ice and over the snow;
'Tis fun alive; the coast is clear;
Onward, my lads; mind how you steer.

Hurrah! my boy, I'm going down
While you toil up; but never frown:
The far hill top you soon will gain,
And then, with all your might and main,

You'll dart by me; while, full of glee,
I'll up again to dart by thee.
So on we glide — O, life of joy!
What pleasure has the little boy!

§ 121.

READING LESSON.

I hate to see a little girl
That does not love to rise,
And have the water, fresh and sweet,
Cover her face and eyes.

I hate to see her pretty dress
So careless look and tossed;
Her toys all scattered here and there,
Her thread and needle lost.

I hate to see her, at her play,
When little girls have met
To frolic, laugh, and run about,
Grow peevish, cry, and fret.

I hate to see her prone to lie;
What's not her own to take;
Mamma's commands to disobey,
And father's rules to break.

And now I've told you what I hate,
I'll only stop to say,
Perhaps I'll tell you what I love
Upon some other day.

§ 122.

READING LESSON.

A Place for every Thing.

Mary. I wish, Sarah, you would lend me your thimble. I can never find mine when I want it.

Sarah. Why can't you find it, Mary?

Mary. If you do not choose to lend me yours, I can borrow of somebody else.

Sarah. I am willing to lend it to you, Mary. Here it is.

Mary. I knew you would let me have it.

Sarah. Why do you always come to me to borrow when you have lost any thing, Mary.

Mary. Because you never lose your things, and always know where to find them.

Sarah. How do you suppose I always know where to find my things?

Mary. I am sure I cannot tell. If I knew, I might, perhaps, sometimes contrive to find my own.

Sarah. This is the secret. I have a place for every thing, and after I have done using any thing it is my rule to put it away in its proper place.

Mary. Yes; just as though your life depended on it!

Sarah. My life does not depend on it, Mary, but my convenience does, very much.

Mary. Well, I never can find time to put my things away.

Sarah. How much more time will it take to put a thing away, in its proper place, than it will to hunt after it when it is lost?

Mary. Well, I will never borrow of you again, you may depend on it.

Sarah. Why? You are not affronted, Mary, I hope?

Mary. O, no, dear Sarah! I am *ashamed*; and I am determined, now, to do as you do—to have a *place* for every thing, and every thing *in its place*.

Sarah. I am glad to hear it. You will save yourself much trouble by doing so.

§ 123.

READING LESSON.

The Sleigh Ride.

Jingle, jingle, go the bells!

A right good time have we;
Over the valleys, and over the hills,
Dear grandmamma to see.

The day is bright, and away we go,
As swift as swift can be,
Over the smoothly-trodden snow,
Dear grandmamma to see.

And look! do look! for there she stands,
Aunt Mary by her side,
To welcome us, with outstretched hands,
After our pleasant ride.

And there is George, and Carlo too,
For they heard the telltale bells,
As over the shining road we flew,
And down the slippery hills.

§ 124.

READING LESSON.

The Waves on the Sea Shore.

Roll on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about, and roar;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

"We must not dare," the waves reply;
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;—

“And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule —
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.”

§ 125.

READING LESSON.

Child's Self-Examination.

Before in sleep I close my eyes,
These things I must remember thrice:—
What I've been doing all the day;
What were my acts at work or play?
What have I heard? What have I seen?
What have I learned where'er I've been?
What have I learned that's worth the
knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I done that I should not?
What duty was this day forgot?

Before in sleep I close my eyes,
These things I must remember thrice:—
If I've done ill, then I must pray
That God would wash my sins away.



§ 126.

Fight hard against a hasty temper.
Anger will come, but resist it stoutly.
A spark is enough to set a house on fire.
A fit of passion may give you cause to
mourn all the days of your life.
Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows not rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have any enemy, act kindly to
him, and make him your friend.

You may not win him at once, but try
him again and again.

Let one kindness be followed by another,
till you have made him your friend.

By little and little, all great things may
be completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.



Manuscript Letters.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

a b c d e f g h i j k l m

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

n o p q r s t u v w x y z

William, Francis, Maria, Joseph,
Franklin Lucy, John Caroline,
Benjamin, Nathan, Peter Gertrude.

<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>0</i>
One.	Two.	Three.	Four.	Five.	Six.	Seven.	Eight.	Nine.	Cipher.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

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